

Woodwind

WOODWIND

AN ARTS PAPER

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The photo in the center is from the New Schools Exchange Newsletter. The caption is our own.



AN OPEN LETTER to my friends, associates, and people of the Washington area musical community:

Dear people,

For several months now I have been trying to figure out my head—that is, to what I could do now that a dream has ended.

About five years ago, my lovely lady and I decided to open a music shop for the community of people here in DC. We were going to try to have a place where people could be treated as people and not dollar signs. We figured we could specialize in the two extremes of the musical spectrum—that is, both the established musician and the beginner could be equal.

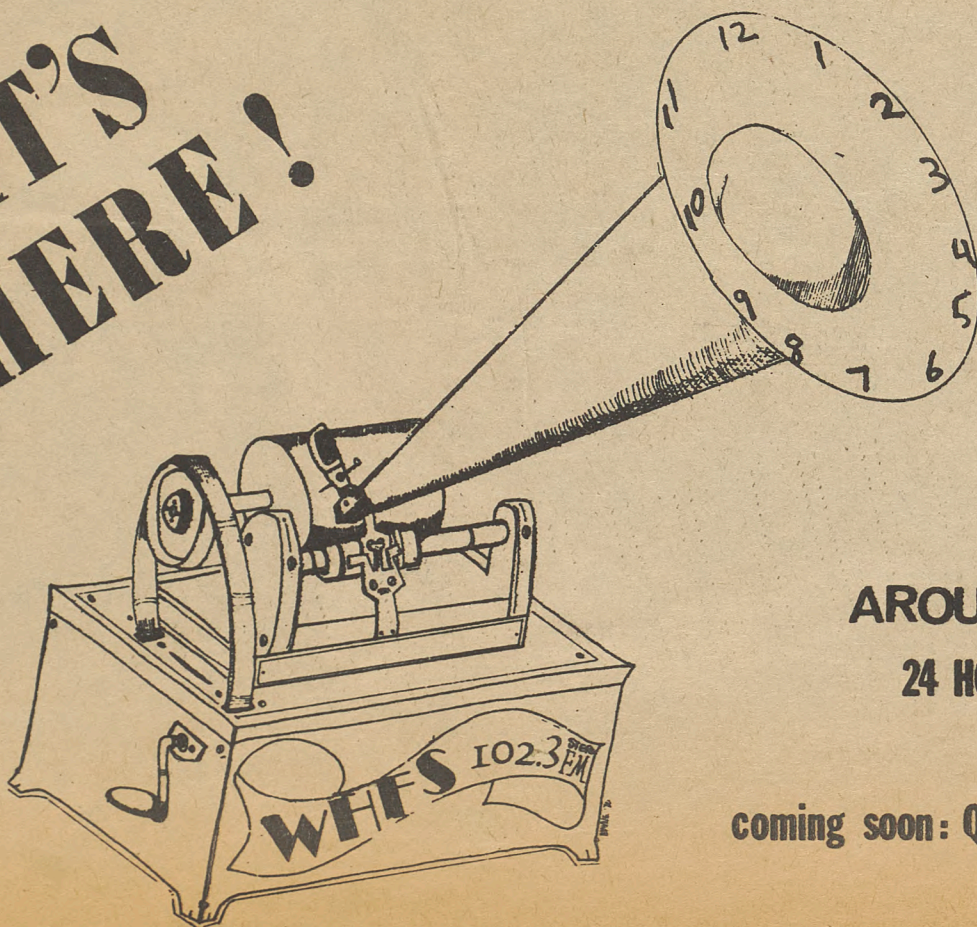
Our idea was to get the best for the least—granted we wanted to eat, have clothes, and occasionally be able to go to the Cellar Door; however, that's it! Make expenses—have some to boogie on—and be happy!

Well, a lot of changes later—many defeats, some victories—the Folk Lore Center has closed!

For several months I have been trying to find a direction. Now, thanks to the encouragement and patience of so many frustrated people I feel I can start again. So I want to publically thank all you far-out people—I love you—

Your friend, Joe Latham

IT'S HERE!



ROCK

AROUND-THE-CLOCK!

24 HOUR FM STEREO

coming soon: Quadraphonic

I WANT TO BE FREE

-(JUST LIKE WOODWIND)

It's been a long time since February of 1970. That's when this paper was started. It's come a long way since then, and a lot of good things have happened, to both the paper and myself. And now it's time to move on, because the paper is a success now, and beyond that success lies the fact that it is a business, and I didn't mean to start a business. That's not to say I'm unhappy with its progress, just that the paper doesn't present that elusive "artistic" challenge that it used to. Being an editor has been quite a learning experience. I've learned mostly about faults, mine and other people's. I've gained a lot of personal insight, but I really don't feel that I can make use of it unless I change what I am doing, so therefore I am leaving the paper.

I really meant for this to be a fine letter, because its important that the last thing I write makes sense. I want to talk about where my head is, and what will happen to the paper, and I want to thank a lot of people.

I'm both happy and a slight bit unhappy in leaving. When you work with something from its first moments as an idea and then carry it through to maturity, it becomes very much of a child, and it's not really eccentric to say that you love your work (even if people laugh when you refer to it as a bi-weekly sculpture or an organic whole). That's what this paper has been, a vicarious childrearing, complete with sleepless nights (mostly because I've always put everything off till the last minute) and many prideful moments (whenever it came rolling off the press.) I'm sorry now that I didn't let more people share in its... I guess, destiny, but some parents are like that. I'm a proud artist, and that's one of the things I have to get away from.

I've always claimed that the whole energy of this paper had to be directed to making people understand that a city is only as good as the people in it, and in that case we had a wonderful city. That doesn't really change, except that there are more good people here than ever before. A lot of the time you really have to look, and I'd always hoped that the paper could focus people towards those people. In some ways we've succeeded, but not enough, and I hope that the new people will do a better job of really serving the community of creative talents. I do believe in Washington, and after going away to catch my breath, I'm coming back to become much more a real part of it.

We've apparently shied away from politics, for the most part. But that's not exactly right. When I was with Quicksilver Times during their first seven months, I came to believe that a paper should be an educational tool, and can be especially effective when it deals with political education, or at least awareness. I've hoped that through some of our subject matter, this paper has done that job a little, because the arts reflects our political situation somewhat, and by dealing rationally with it, we can learn. It's not a thing of "here's what we have to teach you", but "here's what we have learned and here is what we want... where do you stand?" I've always liked the word subtlety and hopefully there was some when it came to this matter.

Sort of paraphrasing someone, "Curiosity is a crisis that is resolved by death or cure." I hope it's not the former, because I'm very curious about who I am, and who all those people are out there. I haven't had time to really find out, facing bi-weekly deadlines and the general struggle for survival. So I'm making the time, and I'm going to do some exploring. I believe in people, and sometimes I'm amazed at all the fine people I know, and even more that I have come to know about. So it's a personal satisfaction to become a human being again, and no longer to be The Editor.

So, to a degree, those are my personal reasons for leaving. I'm basically selfish, but hopefully this time it's for the good.

The paper will continue, and, since transfusions are always good for the body, that should hold true for the paper. It will probably take a few issues to become smooth since it's mostly new people, but I really believe the paper will grow, or continue growing as it has since 1970. Its purpose should remain to serve its community.

Finally, I could never begin to thank all the people whom I would want to thank. They all know who they are, anyways, and even though I never was much of one for being outwardly thankful, I really do want them to know that I loved them, and sometimes hated the role I had to play to get a lot of things done. A lot of people who never appeared in the paper did good things, by providing the hope and the strength to continue, sometimes when it was very difficult. I would like to make one specific thank you to Jim Coldsmith and Butch Gatewood and all the superb people at the Journal Newspapers for being the finest people in the business of printing I have ever run across. And finally, I want to thank all the people I have tried to serve. I guess it sounds silly, but that's all I ever really wanted to do with this paper, to serve the people in the way I knew best. I hope I've done some good, and I hope the people who will now run the paper will do an even better job.

I'd like to finish this piece with a song from a duo called Billy and Charles. It's not the greatest song, but it says a little of what I also want to say.

MOTHER EARTH

She said there is now and i will play this game
until eternity, she said
She said, i will make you each and all, everyone
a part of me, she said
And you say you've never seen no rainbows
You've never felt the smile of sunny days
And all you see are walls of stifling shadows
draped in shades of grey...
In the face of this, forgive me but it's hard
to think of what to say-

Look, the sky is blue
Hear, the sea is laughing, too
Open up your hands to feel the earth
You'll know it's true
The earth is you!

And she is very large and very small, and her
children are all hers, she knows
She is very strong and very weak, all her
many forces ebb and flow
When the night's too big, you light your fires
to taunt the stars
You rush against your clocks to stop
the stream of days
It seems to me that we've forgotten
who we are... as we write our many
empty rules of play-
In the face of this I don't know where
to start, what more can i say?

Open up your hands to feel the earth
You'll know it's true
The earth is you!
The world is you!

The Highest Peace,

Richard Harrington

unConventionaltherapy ned chaillet

Twenty-two year old A. B., in Washington for the Association for Humanistic Psychology convention, was charged today with possession of marijuana...

"Psychologists should sleep with their patients," says a noted psychologist at the Washington meeting of the Association for Humanistic Psychology...

Hundred of psychologists signed up today to "Risk Their Craziness" at the Washington meeting of the Association for etc...

Paul Bindrim, creator of the notorious "Nude Marathon", said today, at the etc...

"I am currently having five affairs, two with married men," says Emily Coleman, group leader at the etc...

Sensational stories have a way of rising out of the annual Association for Humanistic Psychology conventions. The AHP meeting at the Washington Hilton several weeks ago was no exception, and all the above stories either were written, or could have been written. And even at that, it was a mild convention compared to the convention two years ago at the Sheraton Silver Spring when conventioners took over the hotel for mantra chanting in the hallways, dancing in the lobby and nude swimming in the hotel pool.

The sensational aspects of the conventions tend to hide the more significant stories that arise and some of the less perfect participants at the conventions have taken to discussing, openly, means of keeping the press away from potentially embarrassing stories. It seems unlikely that such censorship will arise, since the majority of the participants are really humanistic and don't much mind if people's real interests are nudism, sex and drugs. But, once again, that's not all the convention is about.

The things that happen at the AHP conventions are closely related to developments in the arts, and there is an evident cross-fertilization that bears a closer examination. Pursuing that examination, I missed most of the "sensational" stories, though I don't feel my sensations were deprived.

In the four days I spent at the Washington Hilton, I loved the life of a renaissance man in this psychedelic world. I played the theatre roles of a small boy on Santa Claus's lap and of the farmer in "American Gothic"; I was a sculptor cutting and polishing rocks from Pakistan; I was model and artist, painted and painter with other artists; I wrote poems from individual fantasies and group experiences, read to and was read to by other poets; I was free to intellectualize and discuss or experience and learn; I had at my disposal fine teachers; I was briefly a politician involved in a struggle for Women's Liberation; I was audience to real life dramas and hypnotized participants; I was safe in a world of innumerable psychic risks, and coloring it all, in some undoubted fashion, was the role I assumed of journalist to prepare this article.

Traditionally, the AHP conventions are scheduled before the annual American Psychological Association, to offer an alternative "humanistic" view of psychology. Traditionally, the conventioners at the AHP have been those persons instrumental in making encounter groups, sensitivity training, psychodramas and gestalt therapy popular. Those at the APA convention have more often demonstrated an affinity for Skinner boxes, statistical reports and mazes.

This year, in an effort to co-opt the burgeoning AHP, which has become internationally active in the last year, the APA voted to establish a Division of Humanistic Psychology. This action comes from an organization which maintained until that vote that all psychology was humanistic.

This year, the AHP convention followed the APA, a change that caused the APA bulletin to dismiss the AHP convention as a "dessert" rather than an "appetizer" for the APA conventioners. The change caused an interesting variation on past conventions. Instead of being the only convention in a hotel, and dominating the show, the outlandish women and men of the AHP, dressed in flowing robes, see-through blouses, leotards and whatever they find liberating, found themselves in the same hotel with the International Association of Chiefs of Police, a dour, grey suited crowd of short-haired men. The combination made for some interesting vibrations and served as a focal point for several of the workshops at the radically oriented AHP meeting. Of which a little more later.

THE ALEXANDER TECHNIQUE

In order to experience the events in any depth (each workshop was one and a half hours long), it was necessary to devote full attention to one workshop at a time rather than travel around and sample the variety. So at two o'clock on Wednesday, rather than dropping in at the Risking My Craziness session, or the Joys of Chanting, and instead of listening to William Schutz of Esalen talk about Here Comes Everybody, his new book, or taking Relaxation Therapy, or any of the other available workshops, I cast my lot with Illana Rubinfeld who was giving An Introduction to the Alexander Technique.

The Alexander Technique is a means to re-order the body so that mis-learned techniques of speaking, breathing or moving are corrected. As the demonstration was underway, with partners taking turns at defining each other's spine, I came very near to fainting for the first time since I was a child. No pressure was involved, or pain, and the experience was in no way dis-tasteful. I recognize it as a mental release of some sort, and am somewhat amazed that I found a release through something as simple as a partner touching my spine. As nothing more happened to me at that time, I simply watched the rest of the demonstration in a light-headed way. A lot was happening to others, however.

In a sort of laying-on-of-hands Rubinfeld demonstrated a remarkable change in the physical conditions of people she touched; a tall man whose shoulders seemed to stoop when he came forward seemed to gain almost three inches in height as she moved him quickly through a few exercises. A friend of mine seemed to round out and gain an inch or two of proud height as Rubinfeld worked over her on a table. The demonstration showed an enormous skill on Rubinfeld's part and great promise for the system itself.

The values to an actor are the most obvious, though any individual could probably benefit, and it comes as no surprise to learn that F. Matthias Alexander, who developed the system, was an actor. Alexander developed the system, at first to protect his own voice, but his emphasis on the flexibility of the spine is not unlike that of Jerzy Grotowski who is the foremost actor-trainer in the theatre today. Nor is the Alexander technique the only theatre-related technique in humanistic psychology.



THEATRE GAMES

Many of the techniques of group encounter are interchangeable with theatre training techniques and it is no great surprise to see a gestalt oriented workshop in Theatre Games under the direction of a therapist. Andy Gaines, of the Princeton Gestalt Institute, has never used theatre games to create a play; but he has used the games as a means to affective learning and as an introduction to Gestalt Therapy. Children's games, often used to warm up a theatre workshop, work as well to integrate a group of disparate seekers, and Andy opened his sessions of games with the old children's game of Red Light.

In a very few moments, the room resounded with "green light, green light, Red Light!...you moved!" and forty-year old participants join in saying, "I never understood this game before." But Red Light is not a theatre game. The theatre games he introduces to the psychologists include mirroring, in which two people try to match the movements of each other as if they were looking in a mirror. He moved rapidly on to more advanced games, including a game in which a person in a chair was cast in a role by a second person and had to guess what role he was playing and play it without stepping out of character.

In theatre, these games sharpen an actor's response and prepare the actor for the unexpected, they can ultimately be used to create whole performances as in Paul Sill's Story Theatre, a current New York hit. Their use in therapy seems a little less focused on a specific end.

In theatre games you enact fictions, the real-life situations that make up drama are reserved for psychodrama. The self you use in theatre games is not unlike the self you sometimes meet in dreams, but it is a self limited by the other performers. In gestalt therapy your dreams are you and every role in the dream, even that of a teacup is you. Theatre games are performed with other people.

Theatre games are mainly fun, they can be directed into other directions by performers or the director, but they most often result in verbal or physical dialogues not unlike the old Nichols-May routines or a Shelley Berman monologue. Conceivably a trained therapist could guide a theatre game into a serious examination of a situation and avoid the commitment of a person involved in a psychodrama, which would be a useful therapeutic development. But liberating experience is the prime use of the games even in theatre.

The games are largely an off-shoot of Stanislavski, through Michael Chekov to Viola Spolin and Paul Stills. Spolin, in her book, Improvisation for the Theatre, says, "The energy released to solve the problem, being restricted by the rules of the game and bound by group decision, creates an explosion--or spontaneity--and as is the nature of explosions everything is torn apart, rearranged, unblocked." It is precisely the "unblocking" that offers value in a therapeutic situation.

As for affective learning through theatre games; it has long been the practice of Washington's Living Stage, under the direction of Bob Alexander, to involve children in theatre games as a means to liberation and learning. Once again, the theatre technique is given to psychology and education but not returned in kind.

HYPNO-PSYCHODRAMA

In psychodrama there is likewise a direct debt to theatre forms, in this case going back to Aristotle's theory of drama, particularly his concept of mental catharsis. But there is in return a development beyond the forms used by the theatre. J. L. Moreno, the creator of psychodramas, believes that disturbed persons have a need to enact certain "fantastic imageries" to achieve their own catharsis and that his personal achievement in the long history of the theatre is to put the "psyche itself" on stage.

There were several therapists oriented towards psychodrama at the convention, while there was only one demonstration of something called hypnodrama, a method of psychodrama with the participants under hypnosis. Although Ira Greenburg, the chief leader of the hypnodrama group, indicated that there were possibilities with hypnodrama that were beyond the reach of normal psychodrama, the demonstration he skillfully provided did not reveal them. The period of hypnosis, carefully done, instead seemed a substitute for the normal warm-up period at a psychodrama (which usually consists of sensitivity games.)

Although I believe I was hypnotized at that first session, and was not hypnotized at three subsequent sessions, with Greenburg and others, and though I was surrounded by people suggestively regressing back into childhood, I remained primarily an observer. The effect of the hypnosis seemed mainly to be a stirring of emotions, emotions which could be worked out through the psychodramatic process, and those emotions were stirred in abundance.

For that first session, Greenburg and Irv Katz, his co-hypnotist, focused the psychodrama on a woman who had carried a memory for fifty years of being sexually "interfered with" as a child. Her resentment, fear and anger at the gardener who had assaulted her had never found adequate "catharsis" before, and at long last she was able to physically beat back at the surrogate gardener provided by the hypnodrama. After the beating she wanted to forgive the gardener, and when she forgave him, the whole-hearted catharsis that was missing from the beating seemed to shine through.

As is the procedure in psychodrama, when that particular woman's experience was through on stage, others came forward to offer shared experiences of a similar nature, and to some degree, also to purge themselves.

At two subsequent sessions, Greenburg helped a hypnotized woman cope with the fact that her husband had left her the night before, and revealed to a group collected for a workshop in Political Psychodrama the close inter-relationships between attitudes toward the state and authorities and the personal attitude of people toward parents. Not enough happened to draw any clear conclusions, and it would take a lot more observation to reveal the general tendencies, but if you are ever offered a chance to investigate your own political tendencies through psychodrama, you may well learn something. That session drew to a close with the psychodramatic opportunity for the group members to confront surrogate police chiefs. An interesting realignment took place in the group just before the meeting had to close with one man leaping up to become a police chief and others leaping up to hurl insults.

Psychodrama probably has a great deal to offer theatre workers, as a means to reveal motivation in personal interactions and, with a great deal of work, a means to sharpen sensitivity to others so that performances on stage can take on a dimension of reality.

While theatre is still the topic, I also suggest that any long term group working together in the arts, whether in performance, such as dance or theatre, or as a collective in other fields, such as painting or sculpture, could benefit from prolonged sensitivity training as a group, and that psychodrama is particularly likely to prove useful, if adequate directors can be found. A common failing of sensitivity groups is the difficult transition from the group to everyday life; if the group is the everyday life, one can expect enriched relationships and greater sensitivity to individuals within the group. And far from a bland sameness developing in the group, one should be able to expect greater individual creativity.

Living Together



ART AS THERAPY

Three of the sessions I attended at the convention were entirely devoted to the uses of art forms as therapy; one was based on direct stone carving, two were developed from drawing.

Elaine Rapp and Steve Adler, jointly conducting the stone-carving workshop, related the task of stone-carving directly to a "whole life situation". "Every stone is different," said Rapp, "even those that come from right next to each other in the quarry and learning the differences is the mystery and joy of stone carving." "The whole life experience comes from the risks one must take to carve it.

Although it didn't happen in the too short hour and a half of the workshop, Rapp and Adler normally approach the stones gradually, perhaps first introducing participants to colored paper which is torn and pasted to form paper sculptures. A prime aim of the paper sculptures appears to be the opening up of the body so that it feels free to move with the materials and though the movement is different with a small stone (one can taste it, rub it, etc.) Rapp still maintains that, "Every material is a body experience first." She also talks of "nurturing" your stone, of dialogues with your stone.

And though the experience was brief, I did have a sort of dialogue with my stone from Pakistan. The three stones I wanted in our group were all wheedled away from me by other members and I just sort of grabbed the stone I ended up with. It was not an appealing stone, and I harbored a slight resentment to the others for wanting the same stone I did, but as I went about the work of filing and sandpapering the stone to polish it, my stone took on a richness in colors and motion that none of the other stones in the group boasted. The stone seems to perfectly fit my hand now, and though it serves as a simple paperweight and is no sculpture, I hardly sit at the desk without fondling it.

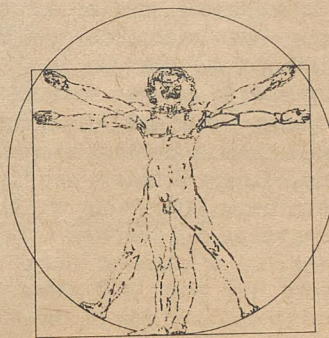
Adler said the stone carving therapy was discovered because he and Rapp were tired of seeing mostly negative aspects of patients, so they set about to work with positive aspects, and, "When we started to work with the positive aspects of people, we discovered creativity."

Another therapist who discovered creativity through art therapy is Janie Rhyne, perhaps the best known of art therapists. Her work in the San Francisco area and at Esalen has been noted for some time and again the too-short-time in her workshop revealed a wealth of personal material to me and other participants. I still possess a pastel self-portrait I did of myself in her workshop, and though it is no masterpiece, I feel a bond with that image of myself at that moment in time.

Rhyne briefly outlined some of the techniques used at her workshops in California and then swung into a direct and immediate art experience for the group at the convention. In groups of eight people, each member did a self-portrait, then portraits of the other members of the group as we experienced them at the moment of drawing. Artistic accomplishment varied greatly, of course, but---sometimes unconsciously---a glimmer of understanding came through, and, as with the stone carving, the experience left one hungry for more time in the experience.

Another Californian, Selena Stiers of UCLA, provided an art technique with a bit of hypnosis, that could probably have some use with a friend. She simply provided two magic markers and one piece of paper to two people and left them free to draw. Rather than pointing out any of the conclusions drawn in the workshop, I suggest that the reader can sit down with a friend, a sheet of paper and two different colored markers and experience something for him or herself.

All of the art experiences I discovered or participated in seemed to take from the arts and truly become a therapy. Perhaps the nature of the sharing involved in the workshop is the key, but art did take on a new dimension for me at the convention.



POETRY THERAPY

As a pudgy middle-aged polar bear, I made acquaintance with a young leopard, and of my dream experience of polar waste I made a poem.

The poem was not as good poetry as some past conscious poetry and not so revealing as it might have been had the poetry therapy workshop gone on longer. (I recognized some of the imagery, and disagreeing with it, clouded it.) Edited as it was, my poetry became a way of experiencing or confronting the here and now of my consciousness through the hither and yon of my unconscious. Gil Schloss, of the Institute for Sociotherapy in New York, was able to stir the energies in this workshop through a group fantasy.

A poem of a man's change into a werewolf prepared us, the participants, as we were set on our own fantasy change into an animal, then, as the animal, we introduced ourselves to another animal in the room. Aside from my own meeting with the leopard, I know of a wolf and camel who met and another wolf and a horse who made friends, and there was a rabbit who went alone on a run. From these images of ourselves, and perhaps of our meetings with other's images we made a poem.

One poem, by a lion, told of his fierce pride as a roaring carnivore, and of his quiet shame as he watched an innocent fawn. Such an image can, and did, stir up memories in the others present and these were shared. Touched off memories and feelings, not critiques of the poem, were the means to learning. By this psychodramatic sharing people were learning sharing on several levels, not competing for rewards, and such a means of learning in a classroom might achieve fascinating results; it might also be an interesting way to write a play.

Although the skill in creating the poems was unimportant, the few I heard read were haunting works, ranging from the roar of the lion to a tone poem of freedom and happiness from a woman in flight.

Another practitioner of poetry therapy, Denis O'Donovan, the past president of the AHP, gave a workshop in Gestalt Poetry Therapy, as an AHP teaser at the APA convention, which I missed. I did get a glimpse of his work, however, at the large group experience he conducted opening night. Although there was a good deal of friction that night between organization members and leaders, some of it was resolved through the group experience.

O'Donovan's method, as he used it that night was a working through from movement into sound into word into phrase into poem, though it was somewhat difficult to apply in that crowd. It nevertheless showed an interesting approach to expression and creativity, coming as it did through a total effort of being, not solely a mental process.

O'Donovan's gestalt approach was inspired in equal shares, he said, by the late Fritz Perls and Ezra Pound. They make an interesting pair of influences and Perls in particular is recognizable. The Perls autobiography, In and Out the Garbage Pail, indulges frequently in what can only be described as Gestalt Poetry Therapy as his need for expression resorted to poetic forms. The Pound influence, though less distinct in the method itself, indicates something of the influence the arts are having on the humanistic psychologists. It may also be worth remembering that Pound was almost forced to practice Poetry therapy himself during his forced confinement at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington.

Perls is a valuable representative of the humanistic understanding of art as he maintains, like the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention, that the fully developed person is an artist. In The Garbage Pail he puts it like this: "I am thinking... of the Indian word maya--in European philosophy, the philosophy of "as if". Maya is to be contrasted with reality, the observable common world. The two can be miles apart, which is insanity, or they can be integrated, which is art. All fantasy, thinking, game and role-playing, dreams, novels, etc. would be a part of it."

The use of art forms as therapy at the convention indicates a coming together of visible reality with "fantastical imagery" so that this balance might come about. On personal terms it may mean a fully developed life for many more individuals, on practical terms for the practicing artists, if he or she recognizes the valuable elements of the psychologists's research, it may mean a richer, more satisfying artistry than before.

Though it seems that the arts have supplied something more to humanist psychology that has yet been received in return, there seems no limit to what may be taken by the artist with careful examination.

Thus far, from theatre, psychology has taken the form for psychodrama, the training, for theatre games and some encounter games and Alexander's therapeutic vision of the body, so that people may fully realize control of their voice and body.

Theatre has used, in return, some encounter and sensitivity training for such ensemble groups as The Performance Group, creators of Dionysus in '69 and Commune; and has ill-used primal therapy, as in James Earl Jones' recent Los Angeles Othello.

Psychology has taken dance, almost whole, and created a Dance Therapy which liberates non-dancers.

Psychology has taken poetry as a means to unlock internal statements and facilitate communication.

Psychology has adapted sculpture, painting and other plastic arts as a means to open up memories, remove blocks and provide self-recognition.

These forms have as yet received little in return, except better individual artists---perhaps---who have undergone some therapy. But then many of the great artists always used art as an individual therapy, from Gauguin to Emily Dickinson to Antonin Artaud.

There are many other examples of art influencing therapy, including Michelangelo's posthumous transfiguration of Sigmund Freud at the foot of his Moses and William Schutz's use of Here Comes Everybody, a theme and vision from Finnegan's Wake.

Perhaps music is on the verge of receiving a major return from psychology after years of service as calming muzak in psychologically designed offices and elevators. The work with Alpha waves and EEG feedback has been connected to composition on the Moog synthesizer, and John Lennon's powerful first solo album was an offshoot of his experience in Prima Therapy with Arthur Janov.

Understanding that the Washington Hilton is not the ideal place for intimacy, the convention was remarkably successful. Of course, there are differences from earlier conventions due to increased popularity of the therapies and a new breed of seekers, more casually connected to the movement. Compared to the Silver Spring convention of two years ago, there were a lot fewer of the "centered" people active and there were more tensions and anger.

Of course the '69 convention was a capsulized version of Woodstock, following Woodstock by only a few weeks.

Even with my carping, I learned a great deal at the convention and have some ideas I didn't have before I went. Perhaps the prime values of the convention is the interchange made by practitioners, adding gestalt to a body oriented therapy, for example, or, as Ira Greenburg intends, to incorporate poetry therapy into psychodrama. But if the therapists are making strides that relate to the arts, perhaps we should try to keep up with them, not in fandom, as observers, but as learners, participants, and, for awhile, become poets, artists, performers, dancers and anything else that helps us untap our creative potentials.

I didn't attend all the workshops; I haven't mentioned all I did attend. There are possibilities for art oriented workshops that therapists haven't begun to tap. I wouldn't at all be surprised if a therapist somewhere got together a group involved in an effort to develop the therapeutic novel, autobiography, or symphony over a period of years. But for information about the workshops I have mentioned, I include a list of names and addresses, and I also recommend the book selection at Yes! in Georgetown.

Theatre Games

Andrew Gaines
Princeton Gestalt Institute
Princeton, New Jersey

Alec Rubin
Theatre of Encounter
247 W. 72 Street
New York, NY

Stone cutting
Elaine Rapp or Stephen Adler
Studio Sculpture Center
28 Merrick Avenue
Merrick, New York, 11566

Poetry
Gilbert Schloss
Association for Poetry Therapy
799 Broadway, suite 629
New York, NY 10003

Psychodrama

Ira A. Greenburg
Camarillo State Hospital
Camarillo, California

J. L. Moreno
Moreno Institute
Beacon, New York

Alexander Technique

Illana Rubinfeld
American Center for Alexander
Technique
New York, New York

AHP

Association for Humanistic Psychology
416 Hoffman,
San Francisco, California 94114

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NW N.W. Washington, D.C.

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FEEDBACK: TV Monologue PsychoTherapy

Television helps mixed-up kids get in focus — on and off camera.

I was afraid of it at first. I didn't like the camera when I first sat here. I really had this thing about being really ugly, you know, and I didn't want the camera on me at all. Like in the meetings I'd hide my face or something because, you know, I really thought I was horrible looking and I didn't want it on tape or anything. The monologue was like my mom always said, "Someday you're going to wake up and see yourself like you really are, and then all these little things you are doing." Wow. Everything I did was wrong to mom. It drove me out of my mind.

I wanted to make another monologue later to see if I had improved. I had. I can't explain it, but I didn't feel like I was ugly any more.

The patient was a 16-year-old girl in the youth drug ward located only nine blocks from the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco.

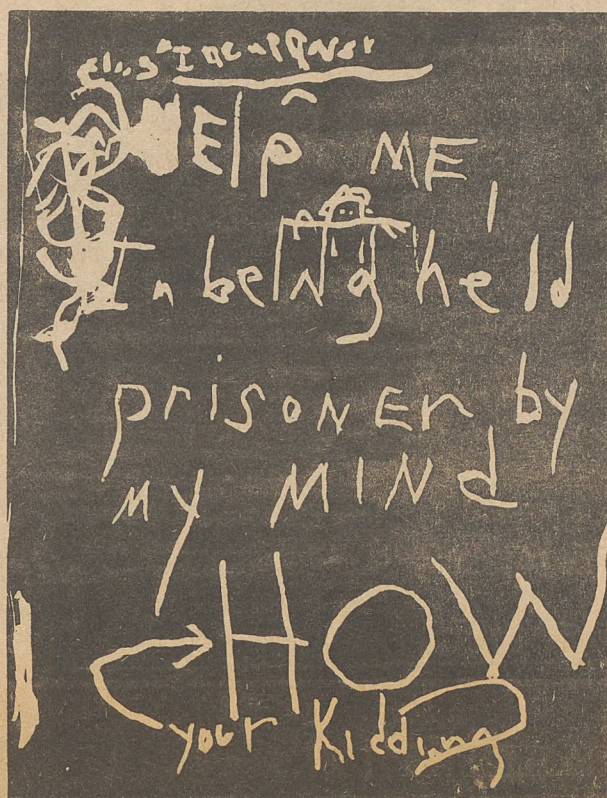
Because television is an instrument for social learning, television videotape with instant replay can be used in transactions of all types (including ward community meetings, psychodrama sessions, individual interviews, monologues, and random activities) as part of the feedback process for adolescent patients with problems related to the use of dangerous drugs. The philosophy of the television treatment program is to give a patient self-awareness, yet leave him free — to become involved, silently or actively, or to remain apart from the group. The evils of drugs should not be preached, and adjustment to the world should not be forced. The object is to let the patient see himself through his own eyes, his psychoanalyst's eyes, and the eyes of television.

Confronting one's own image on the television screen, an actor-audience experience, produces what I call "self-awakenedness" — sudden turning-on of the self. Self-awakenedness differs from ordinary social awareness in which the individual may turn to others for verification. Through self-awakenedness, these young people who have withdrawn completely from society (often bent on oblivion, seeking rebirth and mystical existence — even death or madness) may find internal strengthening to help them endure the suffering in their lives and to renounce escape through self-destructive behavior and drugs.

As a condition for admission to the youth drug ward, the patients were required to sign a form giving legal consent to be videotaped, and minors needed written consent from their parents or guardians. (No applicant refused to give his consent.)

In this multimedia community that relied heavily on television, film, and audiotape, the monologue (an electronic all-at-once experience) became a symbolic ritual of initiation into the new electronic information environment. Many adolescent patients were withdrawn when they were first observed, and they had difficulty in relating verbally to others. They were overwhelmingly preoccupied with themselves and their own head hassles. Perhaps, they welcomed this TV experience because momentarily they became the center of the ward "universe". The monologue was used as a method of self-confrontation or as a way for the patient to present himself to his psychiatrist.

BY HARRY A. WILMER, M.D., Ph.D.



After several television group sessions, each patient admitted to the youth drug study unit was asked (on the second or third day) to make his videotape monologue. Instructions from a television technician were minimal; and the patient, alone in a room, faced the camera to do or say whatever he wished for approximately 15 minutes. After he "opened-up on camera", the tape was replayed for him immediately. He could choose to have it erased or to review it with his therapist. (Few refused to let others see the tapes.)

Monologues present the patient in ways that may be classified as: (1) predictive, diagnostic; (2) informational, historical; (3) behavioral representation of self; (4) psychotherapeutic effect; and (5) record of the patient at a given time and place. Dimensions of intimacy may be revealed by body movement, eye contact with the camera, movement toward and away from the camera, or total removal from the camera's view. Social skills, such as humor, imagination, and creativity, are revealed in the tapes. Time of eye contact with camera, speech nonfluencies, repetitive gestures or metaphors, specific references to time, persons, places, events, speed and volume of speech, silences, opening phrases and body touching can be tallied and measured objectively.

Some patients used the monologue as a pantomime experience; for others it was a psychodrama that incorporated whatever props they chose to bring. One patient used the monologue as a means of loosening her "uptight-straight" psychiatrist. She took off her clothes and did a topless dance! Needless to say, her doctor sat popeyed and dumbfounded when he pushed the button to discuss her monologue with her. This spectacular videotape revealed a great deal about the girl!

A few patients said nothing; their physical behavior was the domain of a highly revealing monologue. Sometimes, their mannerisms exemplified an overwhelming sense of inhibition and phobic reaction. More often, their soliloquy was a defiant and rejecting act toward the doctor and the community. In one such patient, this was clearly a re-enactment of his dominant childhood behavior, when he dared reveal nothing intimate for fear of being hurt, rejected, or given the silent treatment by his parents. Others, in their silence, acted like little children reverting to a kind of sign language, using playful self-distortion as they once did before mirrors.

Some patients talked excessively to avoid self-revelation. Others relied on objects to establish relationships (i.e., books and musical instruments.) Some read prepared autobiographies, and some read from books. One withdrawn schizophrenic patient read poetic essays from a book. When he saw that his time was running out, he proceeded to finish the book by turning page after page, reading only one line from each page. The total effect was Joyce-like, almost an epic poem.

One patient talked about his homosexuality; another about her love for her therapist. A young woman knitted throughout her monologue as she expressed (inner speech) her feelings about a friend's pregnancy and her own feelings about wanting a baby. Another girl sang a song she had written. One patient who was high on acid showed us what a trip was like.

Man's ego identity (his inner speech and inner dialogue) and his social identity are continually preparing him to present himself to others. In social discourse, instantaneous transformations are constantly taking place in response to the feedback from social perception to self. How is it possible to give man a tool to externalize his inner speech and make it available to himself and others, to experience this exposition free from the contamination of human interaction? The television monologue seems to be this sort of tool, offering new vistas for self observation, individual counsel, and therapy. The technique can be used in groups. The playback of a group member's monologue can be used as a means for stimulating encounter groups.

A patient may tell a camera personal, intimate, or historical information that he will not tell his therapist. The monologue facilitates expression within the limits of the patient's internal censorship, and there is a kind of immunity in the monologue procedure. The patient has all of the stage to himself without a human parental surrogate facing him. After the television monologue gives the patient an opportunity to "open-up on camera", playback becomes FEEDBACK. The patient begins to see himself as he really is. Perhaps, replay means recovery.



Harry Wilmer is a well-practiced master video therapist. Formerly with Langley-Porter in San Francisco, he is now at the Scott and White Clinic in Temple, Texas.

Other papers from Dr. Wilmer include

1. Wilmer, H.A.: Use of the Television Monologue with Adolescent Psychiatric Patients. *Amer. J. Psychiat.* 126:1760-1766. 1970
2. Wilmer, H.A.: Television: Technical and Artistic Aspects of Videotape in Psychiatric Teaching. *J. Nerv. Ment. Dis.* 144:204-233. 1967
3. Wilmer, H.A.: Innovative Uses of Videotape on a Psychiatric Ward. *Hosp. Community Psychiat.* 19:129-133. 1968
4. Wilmer, H.A.: The Undisguised Camera in Psychiatry. *Visual/Sonic Medicine* 3:5-11. 1968
5. Wilmer, H.A.: Television as Participant Recorder. *Amer. J. Psychiat.* 124:1157-1163. 1968.
6. Wilmer, H.A.: The Vibes Are Good Doc. *Mayo Alumnus* 5:1-8. 1969.

EVERYMAN'S MOEBIUS STRIP

by Paul Ryan

A Moebius strip is a one-sided surface made by taking a long rectangle of paper, giving it a half-twist, and joining its ends. Any two points on the strip can be connected by starting at one point and tracing a line to the other without crossing over a boundary or lifting the pencil. The outside is the inside. The inside is the outside. Here the power of video is used to take in your own outside. When you see yourself on tape, you see the image you are presenting to the world. When you see yourself watching yourself on tape, you are seeing your real self, your "inside."

Who will listen to my song
 singing vines connecting person to people
 books becoming invisible mass produced copyrighted
 have no ears even for original lyric

I can only sing at certain time marked pinheadedly
 on the great chart humanlife progression existence
 unnoticed even when I scream

automobiles speeding caroming somersaulting into
 roadside metallic cemetery haven't time to get culturized
 from me run over

I can only sing at special destination
 man-made where residence isn't required but asked
 should anyone besides inquire request admission
 admonitions

computers busy partners in upping unemployment
 sleepily decisioning toothbrush brittleness for beavers
 computing hidden brain cells to understand better Earth people
 haven't room my voice unscientific range of notes

I have only one song unreliable words yet
 communication must pursue until some entity
 persons object composition organ recognizes me

Should I progress through value articles finally arriving
 facing a people wort

facing a people least worth replaceable and still be unheard unknown
 becoming strange to myself I will turn petrified ear.

MARK WARSHAW



I, man
 yet father
 yet child
 baptized in pools of semen
 floating thru moaning bedrooms
 where she sweated yes in his head
 yes yes until he slipped into her
 into her carefully woven lair
 and sired a man -to -be
 I
 living me
 leaving the three hundred other me's
 I have been
 beside stained sheets
 becoming me
 yet father of my past
 yet child of tomorrow

On the road for once
 I thought your face
 smiled from an airplane
 I with thumb pointed out
 looked up
 just saw eyes
 and sparrows

Wearing the impenetrable paint
 of solitude
 I leave no dry spots
 on the sidewalk,
 and laugh as the rain comes
 and I run all over the world.

Am I the sleeve to carry forests,
 marry winter branches.
 I grow with an arrow of leather
 tanned from silver cattle.
 I am fetus.
 I stand, wombstruck,
 falling through seasonal fevers
 and flowers
 I ask. I answer. I emerge
 from outside into what is next.
 Insight outside seeing through tapestry
 conversation written on my curtains.
 I wonder, but only of sidewalks.
 Am I the expression of an infantile moan.
 Am I the sky.
 I feel the motion of the sea, caroming off sandrocks.
 I absorb the lack of children.
 I emit butterfly wings.
 Am I you.

He arrived at the multitude
with five hundred loaves
in his left breast pocket
thinking

I'll woe them at the hour
biding waiting watching
silent fantasy dialogue with all
the long one of rare beauty
my fair Cordelia
she knows me
feels my purity
be Cordelia and speak
she walks on past
counting her toes

with the sun hot
and the throng milling
he slowly drops off
dreaming

on a blue rubber raft
drifting on a silent grey lake
foot long gold fish circle
snakes slither between toes
nymphs lie on the far shore
paddling full of lust
across the clear blue and white tile pool
hoisting over the concrete wall
to face plastic plaid empty lounge chairs
and drained glasses
full at the bottom of melted ice
in the locker room
inert bodies lie twisted
stuffed into lockers
strangled with jock straps
fleshless hand clutches my ankle
lurch away
and the hand snaps off at the wrist
still clinging
stepping into the dead street
cold stone walls perched disjointedly
stop one another
hundreds of feet high
blocking the day
casting crazy shadow mazes
on the deserted pavement
no trash no people
only a steel grey wolf
emaciated starving stalking
hard lean eyes find mine
full wide with terror
foaming he leaps
iron jaws close.....

a sandalled foot reaches out
and kicks him to life
telling him the hour has come
he flushes with excitement
then checks his watch
no not yet the world is not ripe
maybe in ten minutes
he leans back into the rock
to watch a bit longer
the crowd
yonder comes noble Patrokles
we have a kinship
he will feel my sensitivity
and read the cry in my eyes
thou must be Patrokles
so cast thy eyes into mine
he stumbles by
scratching his nose

the alarm goes off
at last the hour has come
joyously he leaps atop the rock
screaming

brothers I have come
to give of myself
I know your needs
and shall full-fill them
I have stood
dreaming from lonely clefts
the time is ripe
communion is come
I have all
in my left breast pocket
come to me
accept my divine gift
his words fell harmlessly
on the sea of swaying backs
turn and receive your salvation
I forgive the ignorance
of your unheeding backs
repent now turn to me now
I have it here
triumphantly he reached in his pocket
and revealed the contents
instead of five hundred loaves
he was waving a huge gold fish in the air
he fell to the dust weeping
and the whole world turned to stare

Creeping along metal fences in the night
looking for a place to enter
a breakthrough to the blue lights
shining on swaying masses

then I trip over a past body
saying a nervous hello
and pardon me please
finally talking and gazing
no more fidgeting
under the weight of yesterday
the gates open from within
and we stroll in
just to find another side of the fence
music rolls around half-heard
and we keep whispering
through cigarette smoke
spreading out tomorrow
and glancing at the past

the sky belches and cracks
rain sweeps down on us
washing away a shadow
so I hold her kitten
under my shirt
until the rain stops
we smile unsure in the quiet
then leave each other
with see you sometime

maybe

Keemun

I wanted you that night on the beach
with the light falling
upon our castle
we walked but found
the door locked
On the blanket then
as the sea lapped
at love's edge
but the tide washed
our castle away
On the rocks then
with the solitude
for our communion
but the waves have
melted them away
We walk wondering why
if not here alone
where then
perhaps on the moon
but the sun has risen
I shall want you forever
that night

PAUL
BARRY



A week of confused darkness
and the sun shines through my heart
the shed in a wood
says life is coming to me
with dogs and candlelight
soft music and fresh breezes
blowing a garden of flowers
into my blooming days
so I rush with tomorrow
and building a world
eight acres big
and cosmos deep
feeling leather and wood coming
through green trees
to make my hands whole
ready to string beads
over flute sounds
to veil my universe
nourished by giving and learning
eyes shine silver
on blue lakes
while springs whirl melodies
for my soul to dance
mobiles chime crystal and clay
to sing with magic birds
soothing deep forests
full of paradise dreams
a laughing place for friends
a house of rest for sojourning minstrels
and a nest in clouds for me
with roots spreading in the earth



THE WASHINGTON FREE UNIVERSITY IS IN ITS FOURTH YEAR. IT IS AN OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN, NOT TO BE TAUGHT... TO SHARE FOR THE JOY, NOT THE CREDIT. HERE IS A NEARLY COMPLETE LISTING OF CURRENT COURSE OFFERINGS. FOR A COMPLETE LISTING, PICK UP A COPY OF THE TIN DRUM, THE WAFU CATALOGUE (AT MOST HEAD SHOPS AND BOOK STORES). FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ON ANY OF THE COURSES OFFERED, WE SUGGEST YOU CALL THE COURSE LEADER.

1. BATIK. Learn the basic technique of Batik and then some. I hope we will learn from each other. There is a cost for materials. ... Martha Schultz-387-1222. ... Call evenings or weekends.

2. MULTI-MEDIA. Mixed media group forming---needs dancers, musicians, artists, photographers, sound-light people, etc. People must be willing to work toward forming a cohesive group. Mary Ann Ross or Rick Wagner. ... Call 229-6690.

3. INTERPRETING FIRESIGN THEATRE. Course will consider the four albums in turn, possible evolve onto others, depending on interest of the participants. Send postcard with name, phone or address to... UMFU, Rm. 104, Student Union Blvd., U. of Md., College Park, Md. 20742.

4. THE ACTORS COOPERATIVE THEATRE GUILD. For people interested in the theatre as a profession; a small group of theatre professionals starting work downstairs at Grace Church in Georgetown... Michael Grigsby... 667-0961.

5. INKLE BELT WEAVING. A workshop in simple weaving. I have access to handmade looms and will get weaving materials for cost. Hally, call 536-7140.

6. GETTING INTO CLASSICAL MUSIC. Sharing records on a great sound system, doing a historical survey of music from ancient to avant-garde, or concentrate on deep listening and analysis of favorite musical periods. No training needed, and it's not that far from Zappa to Vivaldi (by way of Varese)... Ron Dobra... 234-9886.

7. SONGWRITING SEMINAR... in Popular and Folk songwriting. Purpose will be to produce songs that are worthy to be played and sung. If you write lyrics or music and are interested in collaborating with others, leave a message with your name, address and/or phone number for Steve Sedberry at 684-9372, or write Steve Sedbury c/o Phil Teague, 2878 Ft. Scott Drive, Apt. 105, Arlington, Va. 22202.

8. JAM SESSION. I'd like to set up a list of people and the instruments they play, who want to get together with others and jam. My instruments are clarinet and guitar... Garcia 331-6544 (10am to 4pm).

9. BEGINNER'S FOLK GUITAR (FOR PEOPLE WHO REALLY ARE BEGINNERS). I will teach basic chord positions and combinations, a couple of picking styles, maybe a couple of open tunings, and we will learn a few songs together. The objective will be to get people to a point where they can accompany their favorite songs without going out and buying some rip-off sheet-music book. Not a heavy course--no theory or anything like that. You must bring a guitar with you. If you don't have one borrow one from a friend... Linda Rosch, 577-8344.

10. BEGINNING POTTERY. I can offer some guidance for folks interested in making pottery on a wheel. People with advanced skill are welcome as long as they are willing to share what they know. At present, there is no kiln available but we can chip in for one if there is enough interest... Marty Adler, 234-7287 (6-11:30pm)

11. SILK SCREENING. For beginners only. I can show you the basics--using paper and film patterns. Maybe you can show me others... Mary Bray... 387-4406.

12. SCULPTURE WORKSHOP. Expressions in non-conventional media sought and encouraged. Some space to work is also available for the workshop... Baricke Himmelstein, AD 2-7951, Ext. 114.

13. FILM MAKING WORKSHOP. Informal, non-formal meetings with professional who hopes to remove black magic from technique. Will be structured to needs of participants. Workshop intended for serious participants who are now doing or plan soon to do film. Joel Jacobson, at 547-6425.

14. TEXTILE DESIGN WORKSHOP. This workshop is in the making. We plan to have open sessions for all sorts of experimentation with textile arts. Anyone with large kitchen- please call us. Hally, 536-7140/ Zoe Brenner-Martha Schultz at 332-1125.

15. WHAT YOU MAKE IS WHAT YOU GET. I am willing to introduce the classical approach to sculpture and explore anything else that comes to mind. Lyndabeth Garwood Foster- 338-7672.

16. LIFE DRAWING CLASS. Cooperative effort- \$1.25 per person to pay model. Meets one evening a week. Serious beginners and artists welcome... Dave Durham, 522-1111 and leave message.

17. INSURGENT PRINTING. Rudiments of off-set printing: plate-making, lay-out, photography, silkscreening. If a lot of demand, more courses. Organizer of course does printing for movement groups... Greg Dunkel at 864-7961 (after 5pm)-located in Hyattsville, Md.

18. PHOTOGRAPHY-Frank J. Neumaier, 4D Gardenway, Greenbelt, Md. 20770... 345-5383 (home) or 262-3270(work).

19. COMMUNITY VIDEO CENTER. The community Video Center of the Division of Community Education at Federal City College strives to involve community groups in evolving their own means of communication by training community groups in the use of video equipment and helping them to shoot and edit their own tapes. The Center also shows and distributes tapes through the Community Video Catalogue. In the near future they hope to have community centers and a roving bus for the viewing of tapes.

New means of distribution through cable TV and cassettes are being explored at the Center. Any groups interested in working with Video in dealing with their communications process may contact the Center, located at 1411 K St., NW or call 628-5880. Tapes on various contemporary subjects are also available at the Center.

20. LAUTREAMONT. "Il n'est pas bon que tout le monde lise les pages qui vont suivre; quelques uns seuls savoureront ce fruit amer sans danger." Course will be given in french, emphasizing a close reading of Les Chants du Maldoror, and group discussions to include but not limited to: emotional and esthetic reactions of the participants and controversies since the work's appearance in 1871 (especially the current Surrealist vs. Structuralist debate); hypotheses as to Lautreamont's various mental states and use or non-use of drugs as can be inferred from the text. Charles Hochmuth... 2201 42nd St. NW, 338-2860.

21. SPANISH FOR BEGINNERS. Dick Capet, 544-4589.

22. FRENCH. To begin November, for those who are advanced.. conversational... Mary Ann Joyce... 534-6303, after 7pm.

23. CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH. Basics. Teacher lived in France one year... Martha Seebach... 269-2378.

24. FRENCH BABBLE. A rap session for people with intermediate skill in French who want to keep up and improve their conversational ability. Caroline Craig... 363-6133 (After 6pm).

25. SPANISH. Conversation and good times... Claude Jacobs. 234-7287.

26. STUDENTS/TEACHERS OF ENGLISH AS A 2ND LANGUAGE-We need a text that tells it the way people speak it. I'm going to try to get it together and would welcome your help... Judy Kaul... 528-7937.

27. CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN POETRY. I would like to exchange poems with other poets. This would not be a course in the usual sense, since I am no more qualified to teach than you are.. but I react and you can too... Dale Brown, Sanford Hall, Pitzer College, Claremont, Cal. 91711.

28. SHAKESPEARE. If you have studied Shakespeare and felt that soem of his message eluded you, if you think that the evolution of your own personal philosophy would cast some new light on what he was saying, I would like to meet with you and see if we can learn and teach each other. Kathy Dullea, 530-6101 (work), 232-5785(home, after 6pm)

29. JABBERWOCKY OR VERBAL KARATE. We will examine the ways and means of avoiding CUSTARD COMMUNICATION (it goes down like custard and people can't recall it or even remember what it felt like) and developing CUD COMMUNICATION--shaping words into hooks in such a way that people can recover them for rumination. Did the Golden Fleas grow on the ram with the Golden Fleece? Send your name and telephone number to: Robert Birch, Box 2364, Falls Church, Va. 22042.

30. ITALIAN. Informal sessions for all Italophiles. We can begin by reading and speaking Italian, and go on to discussing (in English) Italian art, literature, history, films, etc. We could also arrange visits to Italian restaurants... Maureen Cunningham, 483-5859 (after 6:30pm).

31. SEX ROLES AND CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN LITERATURE- A study group. Reading list to be developed at first meeting, could include Mary McCarthy, Sylvia Plath, Norman Mailer, Richard Brautigan, Saul Bellow, Gore Vidal, Philip Roth, Tom Wolfe, Richard Farina, others. Richard Sharp or Michael Rosky, 546-4848.

32. POETRY. We will read and maybe discuss the poetry of Robert Graves, Ramon Guthrie, Robert Frost, or anyone else that anyone might like to include--and will do anything else that may seem necessary and proper from time to time. William Divine, 337-4570 (before 9pm).

33. HUMOR AND SATIRE. Humor and satire in social protest. Saul Alinski says in his new book that humor is the most devastating weapon you can use in protest. Course co-ordinator is writer, etc. (professional). Course promises action. Write Jim Atkins, 1120 Roan Ln., Alex. Va. 22302, 393-8151.

34. RESEARCH ON THE DRAFT/PEACE. A project that is gathering public information on the composition and operation of Virginia draft boards, appeal boards, and AFES, and state draft system for general use by attorneys and draft counselors. We are publishing a state-wide newsletter on the draft in Virginia. Call 836-7616.

35. DRAFT COUNSELOR TRAINING COURSE-A fifteen hour course on draft information and counseling skills conducted by experienced counselors. A contribution of \$5 or more is asked for course materials. Graduates are asked to serve a twelve hour apprenticeship. Rick Long, 836-7616.

36. ALTERNATIVE MEDIA WORK GROUP. We would like to get together with other people interested in exploring the possibilities of developing a regularly scheduled newspaper of investigative reporting and political analysis covering cultural, community and movement concerns for the DC area. Bill Sievert, 244-1969 or Patty Truxaw or Linda Hanley, 547-7092 (after 6pm).

37. BEYOND MARXISM: KELSONIAN ECONOMIC THEORY-a very imaginative economic alternative to the programs offered by the establishment, the "dinosaurs culture", in Two-factor theory; the Economics of Reality and other writings of Lou Kelso. An examination of economic systems on Spaceship Earth and how to program and finance the revolutionary changes needed for our survival. Norm Kurland/Institute for the Study of Economic Systems (ISES)-667-5800 or 528-5986(home).

38. CONSUMER PROTECTION. A newly graduated lawyer from G.W. wants to set up a course which through the use of illustrations, verbal and printed, discusses such things as consumer credit, usurious interest, door-to-door salesmen, and phony advertising, possibly a session on general rights of tenants against landlords. Hopefully, the people involved would then spread the word. Jim Weigert, 332-6185.

39. KUNDALINI YOGA. (THE YOGA OF AWARENESS). This is an ancient scientific technique for revitalizing the physical body, controlling the mind, and utilizing untapped stores of energy in the body to awaken the higher centers of consciousness. It gives students a valid, non-drug experience of higher consciousness, and a growing awareness of his or her infinite, spiritual self. Ahimsa Ashram, 483-6660.

40. ANANDA MARGA (Path to Bliss) and HATHA YOGA. It's purpose is to make yoga and meditation available free to all people and render social service to humanity. The course is primarily instruction in physical postures (hatha yoga) with a basic rap on Ananda Marga Shanti... Damyanthi and Navakumar, 931-0886.

41. ENLIGHTENMENT. Do you believe in God? Do you believe in the spiritual world? Interested in rapping about these and related subjects? WE ARE! We're serious, so please be also. Phil and Beth Pease, 927-5975.

42. EINSTEIN & BUDDHA. relativity grooves to eastern mind trip dig: Prana and Rayi/Energy & form/Brahman/Light/Quanta. You are vibrating pattern of energy. All things are relevant especially theory of relativity (many non-tech paperbacks), Vedas, Upanishada, Max Planck (A Survey of Physical Theory), probability, I Ching, Zap Comix '69 issues, Dali paintings, acid, shit. No technical knowledge needed I refuse to teach people must be willing to rap... Chris Steele, 462-2331.

43. CARE ON CAMPUS. A personal inquiry, or encounter group for sharing and development of religious understanding, toward an intensified ability to counsel fellow students. First meeting, Thurs. Oct. 14, 4pm-U. of Md. Chapel Lounge... Joseph Smith, 593-1089(after 5pm)

44. NATURALISM. A course on the way to achieve 100% participation in life. Each of us bringing our experiences, thoughts and feelings so as to come to an understanding of the world as we instead of as we-and-they... Jason Omar, 387-1624 (Janus)

45. ATHEOLOGY OF FREEDOM. A study of the book, A Time for Openness, by Gordon Kingsley; an examination of the character of our era and the way to personal meaning through creative Christian involvement. First meeting, Tue. Oct. 12, U. of Md... Joseph Smith, 593-1089 (after 5pm).

46. CELESTIAL NAVIGATION. I'm interested in learning the theory and practical applications of celestial navigation. I could get myself from Point A to Point B if necessary, but I would like to talk with someone experienced. Stuart Cohen, 234-2000(day); 547-8829 (night)

47. INTRODUCTORY STATISTICS. Beginning with probability theory... math made easy... Paige Armstrong, 462-9779.

48. SCIENCE FOR VIET NAM. This course is to be given by Scientists and Engineers for Social and Political Action. Our purpose is to focus on ways we can implement the People's Peace Treaty through cooperation with scientists in Viet Nam. We encourage the participation of non-scientists, conventional scientists, and unconventional scientists in the US in order to set the problems of war and peace in a new light. Our impact will be two-fold: first, we will provide material aid for the Vietnamese in efforts towards reconstruction and development; second, we disassociate ourselves from Nixon's war and express our solidarity with the struggle of the Vietnamese. Dan Adkins c/o The Red House, 528-7697.

49. DISCOVERING THE BEAUTY OF CHESS. Let's set up an atmosphere where we can study good chess and play a whole lot of chess. Eugene Glick, 265-2273.

50. WINE AND CHEESE APPRECIATION. Offered by Mr. Weck of the world-famous Georgetown Wine and Cheese Shop. Please bring your own wine glass. There will be a minimal three dollar charge for materials. Fred Weck, 333-8822... Wednesdays, 7:30pm, 63 Poulton Hall(GU)

51. THEOLOGY WITHOUT REVELATION- What reason and experience can or cannot prove or suggest about God, his nature, and his works. The study is defined by the questions, not the answers: atheism is a theology, and existentialism may be one. The instructor is a Christian, but the students are free to try to convert him. James Kiefer, evenings, 656-9319; days, 496-1487.

52. THE CITY IN SOCIETY-Neurasthenia is an urban disease unknown to people living in the more tranquil settings of America. This class will be a forum for looking at the development of the American city and then trying to devise a working system for change. We will begin by tracing the historical process of "commercial vigor" and from there grope our way to the present. Arnie Freiman, 387-8794(work) or 462-2165(home).

53. CULTURE AND SOCIETY OF SOUTHEAST ASIA. Study of social structure; patterns of social interaction; values which are reflected in the society; sources of values in cultural history; popular religion, literature, drama; Hindu, Buddhist, Chinese or Islamic influences, political and economic patterns. I hope the class will decide together on a study method... Evelyn Knight, 332-9364.

54. EXPLORING THE ETHIOPIAN MIND. through its own creation; folk poetry (couplets) that has been passed from generation to generation by word of mouth. The final goal is to try to discover some of the parts that constitute the whole of the "Ethiopian Personality". In the background of this discussion is "Modernization", a mass desire that is currently ravaging the developing countries. (No more than eight people, first come first serve). Name, address and phone # to Hailu Araaya, Graduate Student Organization, Room 11, Healy Center, Georgetown University.

55. ALTERNATIVES IN EDUCATION... combines discussions on the writings of A.S. Neill, John Holt, George Denison, Jonathan Kozol, Neil Postman, Greenway and Rasberry, and Peter Marin and others--along with seminars with local people, involved in doing free schools and other educational alternatives. Sponsored by Washington Area Free School Clearinghouse... Wendy, 462-3990 (day).

56. CARS VS. PEOPLE: THE STRUGGLE OF DC TO MAKE THE CITY A PLACE TO LIVE-organizing against the big rip-off (i.e.) the land grab in the city. One of our dreams is to have a city where people can live, and one of our enemies is the suburbanites automobiles. But we have lots of other enemies. We need lots of people to help us spread the word... for people-power, we need people! -Sammie Abdullah Abbott, 296-4350(work), JU5-8890(home)

57. FORMING A FOOD COOP-Beat the rip off supermarkets. Learn the astrodynamics of forming your own food buying service. Course covers such exotic fare as food retailing, small business skills, key punching, inventory, all the intricacies of cutting meat and cheese and bagging long brown rice, as well as safaris to distant fooderies. Community effort is a nice trip, try it. Ski, 265-9609... Jim, 462-2818... Dan, 234-6288 (6-12pm, except Thursdays and Fridays)

58. THE ENVIRONMENTAL THEATRE... 1519 Wisconsin Avenue, is continuing work with spontaneous theatre, both in workshops and in productions... 338-4744.

59. DATE, RELATE OR MATE, WHICH... The time has come to throw out the mouldy traditions and superstitions and decide what is the value of a relationship between the sexes, to themselves, more so than the obligations of society. The courses should help the student, more especially if formerly married, decide whether to marry and if not, what relationship to have with the opposite sex. It should also help the teacher to improve a matching form now being restudied... Harold Mitnick... 445-0483 evenings. (if no answer, call 445-1600 and leave your number.)

60. HOW CAN A GROUP OF INDIVIDUALS MAKE A DECISION? Under what conditions does a group of people make better decisions than most of the individuals? What are the sources of their advantage, and what conventions can emphasize it? Is it possible to create a decisional medium of exchange? Is there any way to balance different intensities of desires? Can a group reach a consistent set of decisions and what are the costs of making joint decisions? Are there any ways to beat the problems of the commons?... Bill Gale, 522-6452(eve.)

61. FIRST AID TRAINING COURSE. Fall political actions are coming up again and anyone who remembers Mayday will recognize the need for well-trained para-medical personnel during mass gatherings. GW medical aid is now offering a comprehensive 1st aid course to all interested parties, particularly to those who would like to work as GW medics. Classes will be offered at GW university and the Washington Free Clinic, beginning about September 20th and lasting till the end of October. Keith TAYLOR, at Washington Free Clinic (965-5476), leave name and number

62. BACK TO THE LAND PROBLEMS-Commune which is saving money for a Back-to-the-Land trip next year wants to examine problems faced during the first year, getting land and other questions... David Yamaha... 462-1230(after 8pm)

63. MOTORCYCLE MECHANICS.. Basic maintenance, repairs, rhetoric... Jim Kane, 966-6354 or Reed Gleason, 232-3610

64. BICYCLE MECHANICS COURSE. both 10 speed and 3 speed covered. Bring your own adjustable wrench. Lucky Wentworth, 833-1778.

65. DRIVING MOTORCYCLES OR CARS. Vehicle supplied by student. Wilbert Lee, 363-9298.

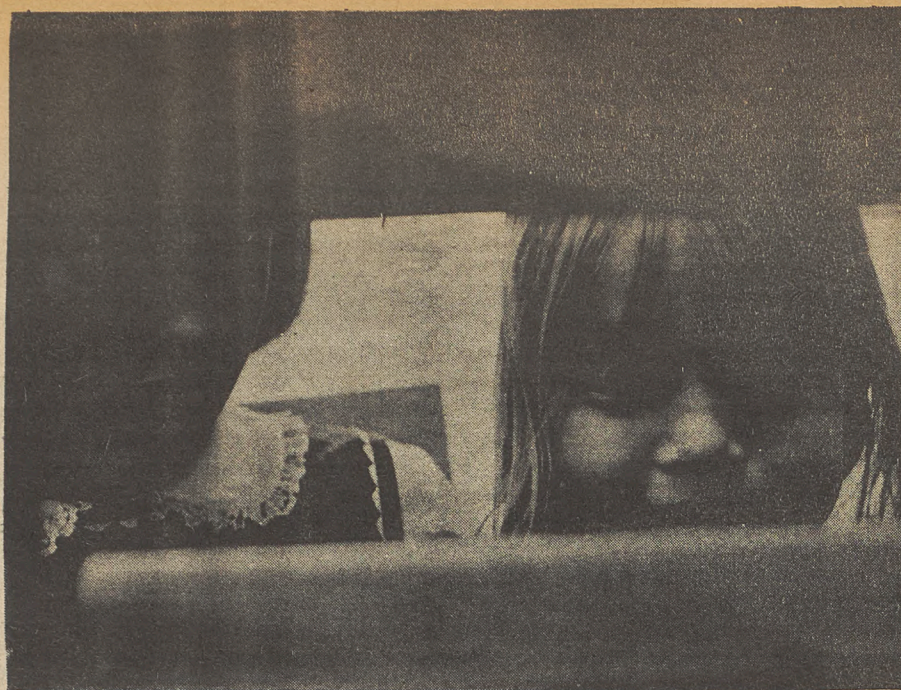
66. SWITCHBOARD APPRENTICESHIP AND TRAINING. How to run the DC Switchboard, what we are into, what you can do to help... Communications Company East, 387-5800.

A person
has been
seen in the
canyon



CLASSROOM

A question is priceless, like a fine pearl.
An answer would dissolve it.
Rather, it should be admired
and polished and given back.



High tech gadgetry just keeps rolling off the line — its salesmen, like the deodorant kings, keep looking for another hole to fill. And sooner or later they all converge inside the schoolhouse door, dazzling the uninitiated with their magic paraphernalia.

But there is danger here. Computers can be big guns but with low aim they are just expensive drill instructors. Performance conscious school chiefs will program to fit their rigid, fact-oriented curricula — taking advantage of the hardware's efficiency but ignoring its meta function as a partner in the learning process.

Fortunately some settlers on this frontier have mapped out a man/machine interface bearing fruit for personal growth in school and beyond.

I culled the following information from reports and projects developed by Dean Brown at SRI with Adrienne Kennedy and Janet Lederman, Palo Alto teachers and gestalt trainers, and a host of others.

The two projects mentioned here include an experimental summer school session with first through sixth graders and a second project somewhat larger in scope — the revamping of the educational system in Spain.

—RK

Education is the realization and the unfolding of the limitless potential of the mind. The teacher is a creative artist, a sculptor who helps the student to release his person from rough-hewn formless potential. The computer can be a chisel in his hands — one tool among many of his kit of tools, to be sure, but one which is quite different from all the others, one which can serve him in a way that no other can.

The mind functions at many levels; each level responding to and influencing all of the others. We might view these functions in a certain hierarchy: sensory-motor, cognitive (including contrastive sets and technical and socio-cultural facts), techniques, world views, self-images, and self-knowledge. Everyone can remember from personal experience some gifted teacher who possessed the art of teaching at all of these levels simultaneously. Sometimes these levels were taught explicitly. More often, perhaps, they were communicated implicitly from innate wisdom. The truly great teachers succeed in conveying the process of human development in its essence and thereby pass on the art of self-education to their students for each to develop independently toward his own goals. Much of this same spirit can be conveyed in computer teaching programs and the computer can thus become a valuable tool for the teacher. It can serve as a medium for the creativity of the teacher and for communication between teachers and students in the total educational process.

When computers are considered within this broader concept of education, we immediately discover a multitude of applications beyond the conventional drill and practice, tutorial, rote learning programs that have occupied the major part of research to date. Indeed, the term "computer-aided or assisted instruction" contains two concepts that betray this larger goal. The computer can do more than "aid" and "instruct". It can teach directly, just as a good book can teach.

I am a machine
I am not magic
You bring what you are
who you are
how you work, play, see, feel, imagine.
You bring your fears
your expectations
your enthusiasm
... and maybe something special can happen
between us.

I am a machine
I won't tell you:
"Stop it," "Be quiet," "Sit still,"
I won't say
"You're wrong"
I won't say
"You must do things to please me or
I won't like you."

I am a machine
I won't leave when you want me;
I won't force myself on you
when you want to be without me.
Our relationship is open, closed,
empty
full

— whatever you want it to be
— whatever you can make it be for you.
(Our relationship exists
only as a relationship with yourself.)



IN THE END
WHØS YOUR FRIEND?
•A KITTEN WEARING MITTENS
DØ YØU KNØW THE SEA
WHERE IT'S FUN TØ BE?
•WITH THE SAND UNDER YØUR HAND
CØNNIE FELL
AND FØUND A SHELL.
•SHE RANG A BELL BUT DID NØT YELL
LØØKED AN HØUR
FØUND A FLOWER
SPILLED THE FLØUR
TØØK A SHØWER.
•LET'S GØ SEE DEAN BRØWN BEFORE
JENNIFER TURNS INTØ A CLØWN

The summer project emphasized developing the student's internal self-sufficiency and inner-directedness. One of the researchers participating in the project suggested three reasons for using the computer in education:

- The computer can provide a nonverbal experience; thinking, concepts, and ideas can be approached without that intermediate level of communication called language.
- The machine is nonjudgmental; it neither approves nor disapproves of a student's decisions; reinforcement for the student's effort lies in the experience itself, the process of learning.
- The computer makes possible activities for which the child has not yet developed the mechanical skills, coordination, or information necessary for independent participation; with the machine performing these mechanics, the child is freed in the use of creative energy, making possible, for example, the writing and performance of a symphony composed by a six-year old.

The underlying motif of the summer program, both in the computer component and the classroom component, was discovery. The children were encouraged to try what they liked, discover what they could, and proceed on an undirected course through their thoughts, following their curiosity. This imposed a requirement in the structuring of the computer software to make the material stimulating and encouraging to maximum discovery.

The CDC 3300 system was used, comprising the CDC operating system and the DD1 display console. The languages used were EUCLID, NLT, FORTRAN, and COM-PASS. EUCLID is an SRI ALGOL-like compiler with commands to operate the display console. It is a language that requires little computer technology and can be learned in several hours. The programs written to operate on the CDC 3300 allowed the students to define the parameters controlling the machine's response. The student observed the machine's response and then introduced new demands on the machine, progressively probing deeper into the nature of the program, into the man-machine interaction, into the stimulus-response relationship underlining the project, into the methods of inductive reasoning.

The programs merely provided the framework and allowed the student to build around this structure. He could write a story, describe the mountains, write a poem, describe his environment. It was possible to create many stories from the same framework or program. The framework was typed by program control in PILOT language; when a student was asked for input, the Teletype would start a new line of print, wait for the student to fill the structure, then continue to provide more of the framework.

Programming material for (this) open-format teaching is simpler because no particular emphasis is placed on "right" answers nor the logging and analysis of student responses with reference to the teacher's expectations. "Wrong" answers are encouraged so that the student can pursue blind alleys and test "unreal" situations that allow him to place "correct" results in broad context. It took twenty centuries for man to reject some of the axioms of Euclid and develop Riemannian geometry!

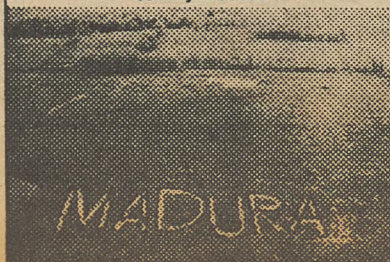


C 30888*



MADURA

including:
My Love Is Free/Drinking No Wine
Don't Be Afraid/It's A Good Time For Loving
Johnny B. Goode



G 30794* A specially priced 2-record set

THE FIRESIGN THEATRE I THINK WE'RE ALL BOZOS ON THIS BUS

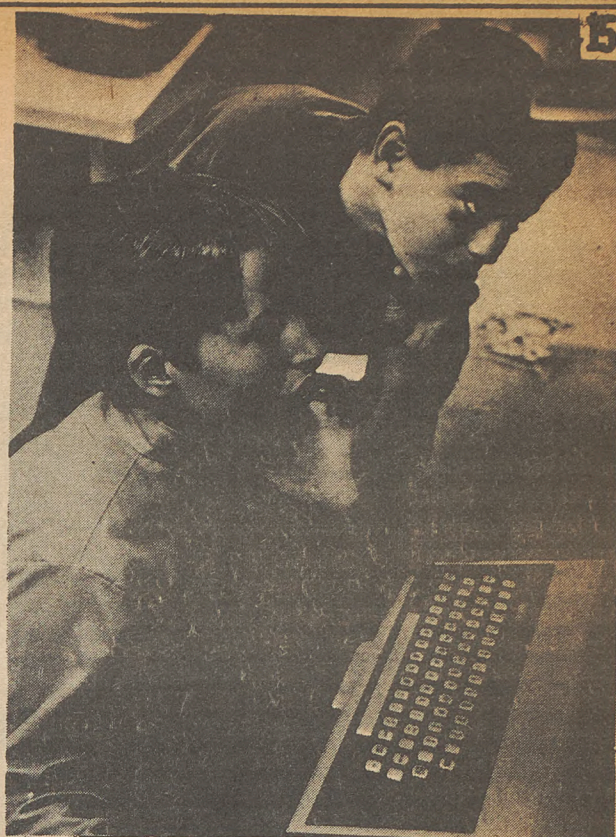


C 30737*

A program in open format could be used in teaching music. Five lines might be drawn by the computer on a display screen. The child introduces notes of his choice on the five lines with a pointing device (mouse). The computer interprets the notes as music and plays the music back to the child from the central processor. Then a column of words appears on the right of the screen with choices of the rhythm, "3/4", "2/4", "march time", "6/8", and "8/12", in which the child would like to hear his theme. The child selects one of these with his mouse, and hears his theme played in the rhythm of his choice. An additional possibility appears — "make your own". If the child selects the "make your own" light button he enters the rhythm of his choice at the keyboard. He may put in 312/698 time or any other arbitrary choice. This is taken by the machine as the desired rhythm and his theme is played thus. Then the column of words on the right vanishes and another column appears designating choices of instrument. The child sees the words "violin", "tuba", "cello", "recorder", "clarinet", and "trumpet". By selecting any of these words with his mouse he hears his theme played in the rhythm of his choice and the instrument of his choice. Again, one of the possibilities offered on the screen is, "make your own". If he selects this, the waveforms of single notes of the instruments appear on the screen. Now he sees the harmonics on the violin, the relative purity of the sign wave of the recorder,

MY STORY

YESTERDAY WHEN I WAS PLAYING I
 •THOUGHT I HEARD JUST ONE SHEEP
 BAYING.
 •SOMETIMES I WAS PRETTY SMART
 •HOW IS THAT YOU OLD RETART.
 •FOR PEOPLE WHO DONT KNOW ANYTHING
 •I HAVE GOT A MAGIC RING
 •AND INSIDE MY LOVELY BRAIN
 •SMARTNESS IS JUST LIKE RAIN
 •HAVE LIKED JUST MANY PEOPLE
 SOME ARE AS DUMB AS A
 •AN OLD POST STEEPLE
 •SOME ARE NOT MUCH VERY BIGGER
 THAN A POST OR AN OLD DITCH
 •DIGGER. BUT SOME ARE RAEALLY CRAZY
 SOME ARE HAZY
 •SOME ARE DUMB LIKE TONY THETY
 REALLY LIKE
 •MACARONI. SOME ARE NUTS LIKE
 TERRY ARCHER
 •SOME JUST LEARN TO BRE A PARCER
 •THIS IS THE END OF MY FAMOUS TALE
 •AT THE END OF THIS STORY ITS
 WRITTEN IN
 •BRAIL
 •88 (NOT REALLY WHEALLY)



Conventional teaching emphasizes verbal and rational components of the thinking process. Still, experience teaches us at much deeper levels, and it is often necessary for the student to translate from the verbal-rational expression of the subject matter into his own experience by a process of synthesis and imagination. The computer, with its display, is capable of teaching directly at these levels without going through the verbal or rational forms. Thus, for example, it was possible to teach small children the concepts of conic sections, polynomials, degeneracy, slope, curvature, inflections, continuity and other abstract mathematical quantities without the children even knowing the words with which to describe them. Later on the teacher might introduce the appropriate terminology in discussing the experience. At that time, she might ask questions such as "What are the minimum number of real roots of an odd order polynomial?" or "How do you resolve degenerate roots?" or "What relationships do the quadratic forms hold to the sections obtained by cutting a carrot?" Children of all ages were able to answer questions of this type, not by having learned the material verbally, but by consulting the memory of their experiences at the display.

LINEST<CA>

WHEN FINISHED WITH PICTURE PLEASE PUT BUG IN
 UPPER RIGHT HAND CORNER

and the different overtones that distinguish the other instruments. The child is given a working space at the bottom of the screen to construct his own waveform. He draws the acoustical characteristics of an instrument of his own invention, at random or by careful modification of the frequencies appearing above. He then hears his theme played in the rhythm of his choice by the instrument of his own choosing or invention. Again the column of words on the right vanishes and is replaced by one which asks for his choice of harmony, according to rules of Bach, Hindemith, or Schonberg's twelve-tone scale. The computer then composes counter themes from random notes, rejecting those sequences that violate the selected rules of harmony. The child hears his theme harmonized according to his own rules, played in his rhythm by the instrument of his choosing.

In the linguistic area, second-grade poetry is taught by the computer offering the child several lines of rhymed couplets and then waiting for the child to type any response that he chooses. Usually, after two or three rounds of dialogue, the child is responding in rhymed couplets. Many times the child overrides the computer and goes into long sessions of poetic composition by himself.

Similarly, in story-telling programs, the computer begins a familiar story. The child then continues with his own paragraph, the computer adds a paragraph to that and together they build up a dialogue. The computer takes information from the child and weaves it back into the computer's portion so that there is a continuity of topic but always a new outcome. The child often goes through a program a dozen times — each time playing a different role in fantasy.

JOHN

John sits at the machine. He asks, "What do I do?" and he looks at me — not the typewriter, not the screen — but he looks at me, and he says, "Help!" I ask him what he sees in front of him, and he says, "I don't know." "How can you find out what there is to see, John?" "By looking," he says. "So . . . what do you see, John?" "I don't know," he answers. I see John wiggle in his chair, I hear him sigh, I see his forehead wrinkle, I see John look up, down, around him, aimlessly. John cannot yet see. John has close boundaries; he is nearsighted.

(John and I in the conference room:)

John and I sit down opposite each other in chairs in a conference room off the computer room. I say, "Close your eyes and go back in fantasy to the computer. What's happening, John?" "I'm sitting there, I don't know what to do, my stomach feels tight." "Be there; let it get tighter. Now what are you doing?" "I'm angry with the computer," John says. "What do you want to do now." "Hit it," John says. "This chair is the computer." (I see John hit the chair. Three times. Hard.) "Come back here and open your eyes. What's happening now?" John: "I'm sitting here." "John, what's happening with your face?" "I'm smiling." "Now what do you want to do?" "I want to try Pilot."

Within the context of the Gestalt Learning Process, attending to reality was central to the experience. Essentially this meant using the SRI facilities as another environment in which the child and the teacher could each experience his own reality. The machine provided an important time-space dimension through which both the child's reality and the teacher's reality could emerge, be explicit, and be attended to.

The machine's reality became a crucial factor in giving both the child and the teacher a setting in which each could begin that which he would have otherwise projected out to other people or things in his world.

This particular facet of projection deserves a closer look in regard to the machine's nature which of itself causes the person to view his reality in the dynamic dimension in which it rightfully exists. The machine provides the static backdrop against which a person can experience his dynamics in a way that is otherwise impossible. For the moment, the machine's static nature reduces the three-body problem (I, you, we) to a solvable two-body problem (I, we).

This notion of the machine's static reality is not the same as a static nature is commonly imagined. It must be remembered that each program was designed to operate on student stimuli, within the parameters of the program. In essence, each program carried with it its own process, i.e., the machine configurations and the basic boundaries of the program itself. Yet within this aspect of process, each child brought his content, his style and level of functioning, his individual cognitive and affective processes. He brought his reality, which by the very nature of "what is now," was a dynamic, constantly changing reality of the moment. The programs were designed to allow for open-ended, experiential, experiential learning; it was the child alone who could supply the open-endedness, the experimentation and the experiencing.

POCO from the inside

including:
 Railroad Days/Bad Weather/You Are The One
 Just For Me And You/What If I Should Say I Love You



KE 30753*

TEN YEARS AFTER A SPACE IN TIME

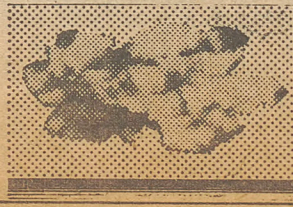
including:
 One Of These Days / Hard Monkeys / Uncle Jam
 I'd Love To Change The World
 Once There Was A Time



KC 30801*

BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS

including:
 Go Down Gambin / John The Baptist (Holy John)
 Lisa, Listen To Me / Cowboys And Indians
 Mama Gets High



KC 30590*

The Byrds Byrdmanix

including:
 Citizen Kane / I Wanna Grow Up To Be A Politician
 Absolute Happiness / I Trust / Kathleen's Song



KC 30640*

Thanks to Rex Reed and Judith Crist--who are, in reality, the same androgynous nebbish--words like "splendid" and "brilliant" fall flat on the printed page when one tries to apply them to movies. So few are, of course, either splendid or brilliant, but then when one comes along that is, how do you describe it? How do you otherwise convey an essentially personal passion about a movie that left you just absolutely awe-struck? Jerzy Skolimowski's "Deep End" (at the Outer Circle) is like everything a movie can be. Almost any of these perpetual adjectival cliches on which movie-reviewers rely would be too tame and too mundane as estimates of such a devastating experience. There, devastating--that's another one.

Taken on a what-can-this-movie-tell-me-about-myself level, "Deep End" is for anybody who ever loved anybody else too much. How much too much is not important. Indeed, one inch too much is philosophically the same as four miles too much. "Deep End" is about that moment when infatuation becomes obsession, when all else but one ruthless ambition ceases to exist, when every other value you have ever held is thrown away for the fixation of the moment. Obsessions fortify themselves; they progress geometrically; with a sinister poetry they blind you to every other concern; with an almost methodical cunning they humble you to the point of humiliation. That may be the most beautiful thing about them. They humble anybody who succumbs to them. They humbled Humbert Humbert, didn't they? In that instance, the object was a girl on the provocative brink of sexuality, but the object, in these cases, gets to be ironically irrelevant. Composer Ernest Aschenbach ("Death in Venice") wasn't really chasing a beautiful boy through the cholera-encrusted streets. He was chasing something deep and self-destructive that lies within us all. Not just us Scorpions, either.

For Mike, who is 15 and getting his first job as an attendant at a London public bath, the obsession is a cruel, beautiful, and cruelly beautiful girl named Susan. It starts as a game, it proceeds to a flirtation, it has its moments of odd idyll, and then it goes off the end in question. And director Jerzy Skolimowski develops this progression with the flippant dexterity of the enlightened mad. He doesn't let us see where it is all going until it is too late--not only for Mike but for us to get out unhurt. Then, what happens in a swimming pool being filled with water, manages to be both shockingly abrupt and insanely natural--like it was meant to happen, it was going to happen, and you should have seen it coming except that you subconsciously didn't want to.

At no time in "Deep End" is Skolimowski predictable or ordinary. There is something darkly alluring about the situation from the beginning, even when it looks like another innocuous chapter in the continuing saga of how boys first get laid. The bath house setting is diabolically right, especially in the garish colors it sports and the steamy feeling of the halls. Young Mike is proud of this pitiful position--even invites his mum and dad to see him at work--but he hardly has the chance to sustain a single foolish illusion about it before he is being smothered between the cavernous breasts of a fat, freckled customer, whose football fantasies are, wisely, never quite hilarious. Just funny enough so that you laugh with a feeling of suspicious hesitancy.

And then there is Susan--so cool, so determined, so hardened by her working class background even as Mike maintains a sweetly stupid naivete. Susan has her way-out all planned; a small spurt of upward mobility, into the waiting bed of a dreary business type who will take her a few important blocks away from All That. But even in Susan there lurks a latent romanticism, and Mike's boyish sincerity awakens it. She can't resist toying with him, no more than she can resist flaunting her undeniable desirability in front of an embittered middle age woman who looks out from behind dutch doors at the restless spectacle, Youth on Parade, as it passes by, unreachable.



Mike's relationship with the girl starts out slowly. By advising him on the sexual appetites of female customers, she subconsciously alerts him to her own potential. They have a fight--she insults the boy's mother--but it ends in her small room, decorated with ingeniously incongruous grinning pillows, with the boy in fact apologizing. The stage of sexual smalltalk is next--just the kind of thing we all got giggly over in high school--almost all of it impersonal and prankish. Later, Mike makes the predictable fool of himself when older boys at the pool do the familiar lip-smacking number over what-a-piece Susan is. Susan's sexual awareness of Mike has, of course, come much earlier. She peeked at him as he changed out of his wet clothes in the boiler room.

But then, something happens, and, as in reality, we are never sure just when. At what point does Mike's infatuation become pathological (or, indeed, does it ever--if love is madness anyway, maybe it's just a matter of degree, and all those who ever said they couldn't live without somebody else really went just as far as Mike did)--when does he cross over the border? So shrewdly does the director develop this profane romance that he makes it almost impossible to fix a place in time.

Before long, however, the clues begin to add up. In desperation, Mike holds a mirror in the slot at the bottom of a door in order to confirm his suspicion that Susan is making love to an older man inside. Then he begins to follow her. Everywhere. Even on a date with her fiancé to a porno movie--a parody no more bizarre than porno movies are of themselves; pudgy white girls frolic with synthetic abandon on a bed, while a lady doctor in horn-rimmed glasses spouts mundane sexual bromides to the tune of "Ride of the Valkyries". Mike is sitting behind Susan and her boyfriend. He reaches out to touch her. She finds it idiotically exciting. Rather than stop it then, she will wait till he goes too far. How far is too far? If we only knew. If Mike only knew. If anybody only knew.

Soon we come to realize that Mike will do anything, but our own concept of anything does not encompass what, in fact, he actually does, and though it is terrible at the time--though it even seems like outright meanness on the part of the filmmakers to let us see it happen--it resounds in your head later with a hopeless and terrible logic. You begin to see it as irrefutably inevitable, even if all the pieces, when put together, do not explain why.

Skolimowski, with all his keen visual instincts and appreciation for the duplicity of the absurd, is perhaps even more than a great filmmaker a profoundly perceptive observer of human folly. His images succeed on more than their apparent surface level--be they small moments, like Susan tauntingly spilling a slurp of whipcream on the tackily antiseptic hallway floor, or larger, more obvious ones, like Mike, late at night, plunging almost naked with a replica of the unreachable Susan into the warmth of the wombish pool. He is not just everyone who ever loved anybody else too much--he is everyone who wanted anything he could not have.

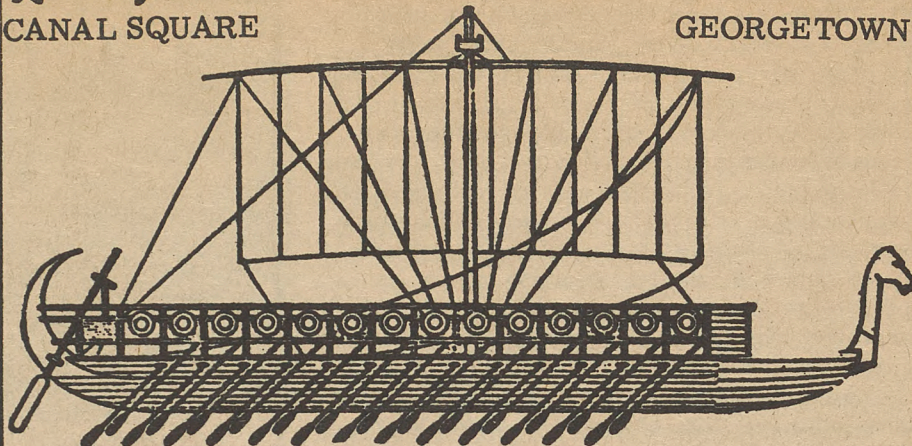
No superlatives are super enough when it comes to assessing, even in a state of relative calm, the performances of John Moulder-Brown as Mike and, especially, Jane Asher as Susan. She is no mere bitch, by any means, nor is he just the perennial goffball innocent. The thoroughly impeccable screenplay is by Skolimowski, J. Gruzsa and B. Sulik. Charley Steinberger directed the efficient photography, and there are a few interspersed songs by Cat Stevens. Others in the cast include Diana Dors--heavy, heavy, and more blonde than ever.

Those obsesses with technique have wasted a lot of time trying to find other directors to compare Skolimowski to. These technocrats are boring beyond belief. Worse, they have failed to recognize a directorial style truly pragmatic in getting across its impressions and seemingly effortless at the same time. It's become so easy for movies to depress us, that we're justified in a little desultory moping even as we approach our tufted orange seats. But the real heartbreakers are still rare, and "Deep End" is one of them. If there is a better movie, from any source, to come our way this year, I personally will dance an embarrassing jig outside the moviehouse where it is playing. (All my jigs are embarrassing, but never mind.)

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Peter Fonda's "The Hired Hand" proves that a lousy actor can make a passable director. But Fonda's aesthetic and political self-righteousness permeate the whole film, even during those blessed moments when he is not sulking on the screen himself. Peter Blue Eyes has the emptiest ponder in movie history, and perhaps the least interesting physical presence.

The avid seriousness of the Western, which is more ardously lyrical than most, eventually becomes rather cute. When Peter comes home after seven years on the trail, he explains to his waiting woman: "I got tired of th' life." Everybody talks in that phoney frontier balladspeak. Then everybody pauses, gazes, waits for another Arizona Highways guaranteed sunset, and comes up with another overly colloquial pronouncement.

"Hired Hand" deserves some non-discouraging words, though. Fonda's approach is at least persuasively euphoric and sometimes effective; combined with his editor's heavenly slow dissolves and Vilmos Zsigmond's photography, and a neatly sparse score by Bruce Langhorne, this leads to some very pleasing interludes. Soon there is a bottleneck of interludes however and they get to be monotonous. The screenplay seems concerned with a sort of dry homosexuality that often evolves from Western movies. It begins with a frontier hippie splashing around naked in a brook with Fonda nearby (whoever the kid is who plays that kid, he is very good, but whenever you see a beloved hippie like that in the first reel—one who likes to ride in his underwear and says polite things like "Much obliged", you know sure-as-shootin that he is going to get his. This kid gets his in the neck, and much too soon.) Fonda returns to his stoney-faced wife and has obviously much less fun than he did with his saddle pal (Warren Oates, reliable as ever and looking down on Fonda the way a good veteran actor understandably would look down on a smart-ass baby-face). A fine villain (Severn Darden) captures Oates, and starts to mutilate his body (Aha!). Fonda rides out to rescue him and eventually one will die in the other's arms. At this point, they should have kissed, but didn't.

Nothing especially wrong with the myth, I guess, but here it is executed with some sheepishness and no impact. And if you follow it to its logical conclusions, it says that women are the awful gremlins in the world that come coldly between men and their love for one another. Stanley Kauffmann says that this is not a homosexual theme—that the woman represents society, which is already encroaching on the freedom of the cowboy, and that there is nothing between the two men at all. Either interpretation seems valid enough, but, in point of fact, and even after taking all this space to discuss "The Hired Hand", neither really seems worth the effort. The most this picture is is pretty and sometimes it is very, so if that is what entices you, go see it.

Those "repertory cinema" offerings at the Cerberus 3 have been depressingly commonplace so far, but this weekend (Fri-Sat) features a program of short films that includes such good fun as James Broughton's "The Bed", a naked romp; "The Dove", an overshadowed but still funny parody of Ingmar Bergman; that hypnotic and sensual spectacle "Dream of the Wild Horses"; a thoughtful cartoon called "A"; and Lenny Bruce's "Thank You Mask Man". Alas, the bill is also encumbered with tiresome old-hattisms like "Help! My Snowman's Burning Down", the most pretentious and useless sort of eccentricity.

Jack Nicholson made a far more impressive directorial debut with his film, "Drive, He Said", which has finally, after many months, opened at Loew's Embassy. It's hard to say whether this picture is just uncertain or really unsure—it doesn't quite make its mark, yet there is so much good about it that it really is worth seeing. Twice, if necessary.

Basically, it's the story of how one radical goes crazy and another emerges to take his place, slowly perceiving the lunacies of the system that drove his predecessor nuts. But Nicholson is a little too flashily oblique about this, and he tries to divide his point of view equally between the straight guy and the hippie, so that you are not always sure what "Drive, He Said" is driving at.

The basketball photography alone is worth the movie, though, and The Game serves as a nice surrogate system in which the jock, played to the last drop and pitifully well-embodied by William Tepper, finds himself trapped. Lots of people in this movie find themselves trapped. The revolutionary stages some guerilla theatre at the beginning and is soon behind a wire fence, telling those on the other side that they are the real imprisoned. He will end up in a virtual straitjacket. The jock begins to realize the dimensions of his cage as well, and a sex object he has been pursuing—he and another faculty member, in fact—begins to see her trip for what it is. Like the jock, she is radicalized, as it were, by Gabriel, the revolutionary, who brings her to her senses with a comic-nightmare rape.

Michael Margotta, is the revolutionary, and his draft board scene is almost an instant classic. Karen Black is nothing especially new but still satisfying as the girl. Bruce Dern, another of Hollywood's most dependable character actors, makes the coach come very true indeed.

By the time you read this, "Johnny Got His Gun" may have got up and gone. No loss. Dalton Trumbo, martyr to the Hollywood blacklist (and to HUAC henchmen like R. Nixon and R. Reagan) though he be, said nothing really new about war's awfulness with his film and certainly added zilch to the aesthetics of cinema, unless a thoughtful blank screen is your idea of inspiration.

Nothing hampered Trumbo's screenplay quite as much as Trumbo's leaden, lofty-faced direction, but the voiceover narration spoken by Timothy Bottoms as the war victim, and Bottoms' Pat-Booney appearances in flashbacks, was a great liability. So was Jason Robards' indifferent portrayal of the boy's platitude-spouting father.

It would seem that when writing anti-war movies, you should give an opponent a fighting chance. Trumbo's warmakers are not misguided mortals, but rather fiends, morons and empty-heads. Even their fiendish, moronic empty-headedness is inconsistently and unimaginatively written. Trumbo did succeed, on occasion, in capturing the panic of absolute loneliness that a mute multiple amputee might experience—and thus the boy made an occasional workable symbol for the masses manipulated into murder by those "at the top"—but these insights were fleeting and fragile, easily broken by a gushy flashback or a poorly conceived fantasy sequence—including one in which Donald Sutherland, in his obligatory role as Stoned Jesus, drove a demonic train.

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"The Confession"								"ALSO THE STRANGER"		"WAIT UNTIL DARK"		"TOUGH OF EVIL"		"KRONOS"		"FREAKS"		"CUL-DE-SAC"		"PRETTY POISON"	
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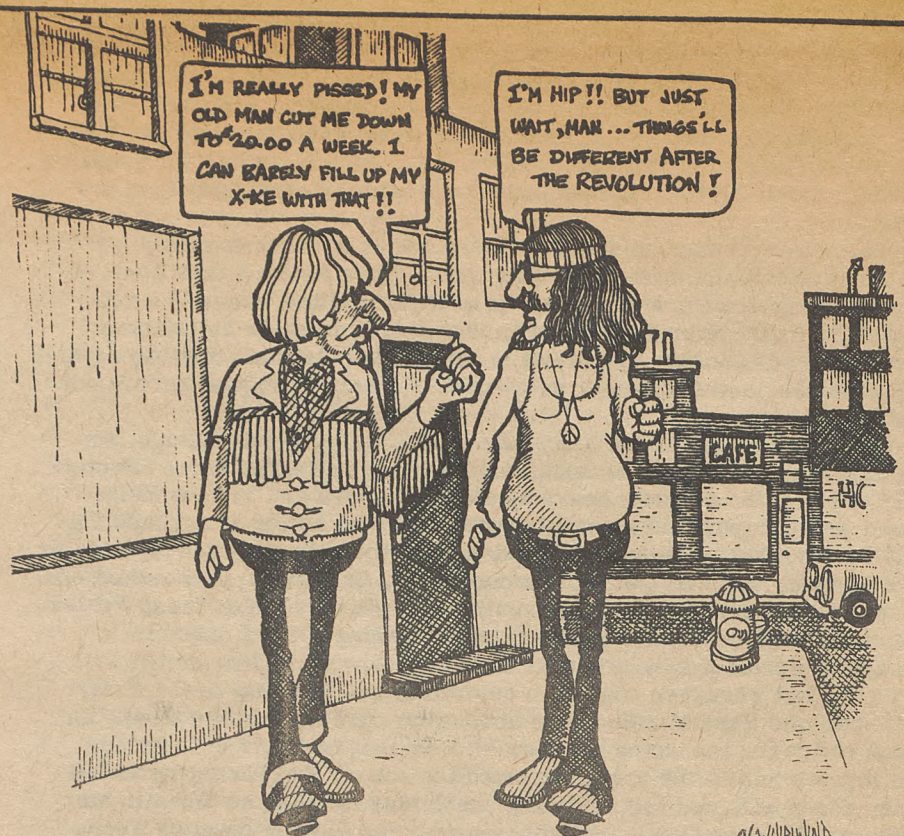
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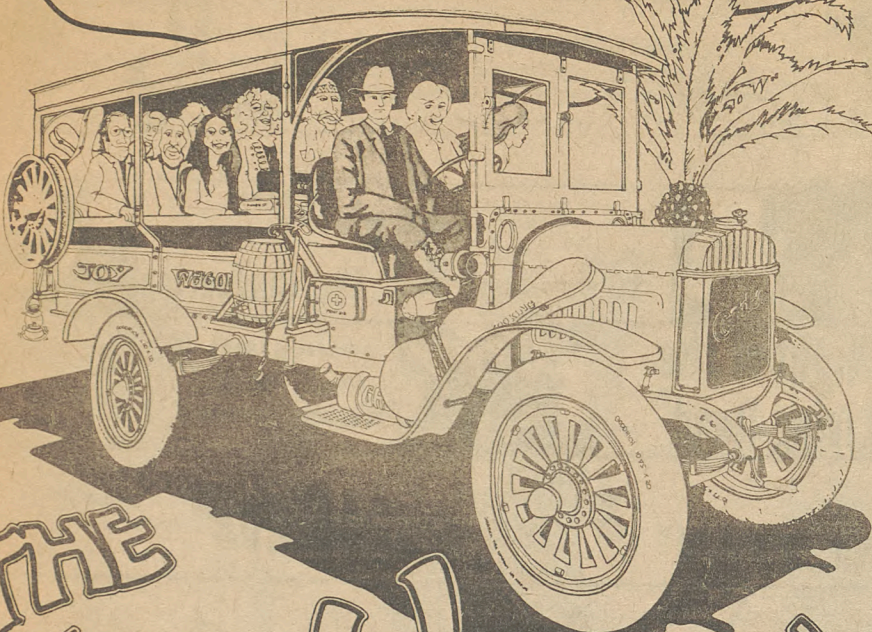
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-Alda Louise Huxtable,
The New York Times

"John F. Kennedy envisioned a cultural center for the people. What we've got is a public works palace for the rich."

-Jack Anderson
The Washington Post

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-Barbara Raskin and Helen Goldberg
Washington Monthly

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-Alan Rich
New York Magazine

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COUNTERNOTES

bruce rosenstein

21

A SPACE IN TIME - Ten Years After (Columbia 30801) - "Heavy" rock groups fall into four categories. At the bottom, we have heaviness at its worst; noise machines like Sir Lord Baltimore, Cactus, Grand Funk Railroad, and Black Sabbath. In the third category are bands like The MC5, James Gang, and Savage Grace, who play loud but are not as boring or devoid of musical talent as the noise outfits. Skipping ahead for a moment, we have the best heavy bands: The Who, Mountain, Credence Clearwater, and The Move; groups which have given heaviness respectability. Between groups three and one we have the second group, including Led Zeppelin and Ten Years After, talented bands which are lacking in taste and originality. TYA's new album, while exhibiting many of their previous flaws, shows signs of progression for Alvin Lee & Co. It seems that he has stopped playing heavy for the sake of being heavy, and TYA no longer sounds like Speedfreaks delight. Lee still isn't much more original; there are echoes of Chuck Berry everywhere, either blatantly in "Baby Let Me Rock'n'Roll You", or just straight lick-copping, in "Once There Was A Time". The latter, though, is a nice rocker, one of the best things they've done. "Let The Sky Fall" is also pretty nice, resembling "Hear Me Calling" on Stonehenge. About the heaviest things are "One Of These Days" and "I've Been There Too". "Over the Hill" uses (misuses?) strings and "I'd Love To Change The World" is merely pretentious. There is 1:57 of jazz reminiscent of Undead on "Uncle Jam". Lee seems to be getting more tasteful, but original he's not. *A Space In Time* is their best lp in a while, and TYA fans will love it.

WET WILLIE - (CAPRICORN SD 861)... **THIRTY DAYS OUT** (Reprise RS6450) - If anyone tries to tell you that rock and roll is dying, I suggest that you play them these two albums. Wet Willie and Tirty Days Out play pure and simple rock and roll, stripped of frills and pretensions. Wet Willie is a Southern band that has been touring recently with The Allman Brothers, and the two bands are quite similar. Wet Willie is going to do for rock what the Allman Brothers and The J. Geils Band have done for blues; redefined it and rejuvenated it. Lead singer Jimmy Hall even sounds a little like Peter Wolf of J. Geils.

The philosophy of the band is best shown by the opening cuts on both sides, "Have A Good Time" and "Rock and Roll Band", both joyous rockers. They do a Jimmy Reed tune, "Shame, Shame, Shame" and it comes out sounding more rock than blues. Doing ballads is also no problem for Wet Willie, listen to "Faded Love". But it's the can't-sit-still rockers that work best; the jazz in the eight minute "Fool On You" is out of place. Wet Willie should be a very popular band soon.

Thirty Days Out is a new england band whose debut album is being ignored, even though it was just released. That's a shame, because this band plays some good, straightforward rock. John Micallef is a good lead singer who has written some good rockers, and lead guitarist Jack Malken plays quite capably, with roots deeper in country than blues. There are no bum cuts on the album, but there are some stand-outs, such as "Taking A Chance", "Everybody's Looking for Someone", and the all-in-fun "Holy Hannah". No doubt about it, they sure can rock. So if things seem to be getting a little bit stale, if your old albums are the only things that are getting you off, listen to these two records. They're guaranteed to give you a wicked case of the rockin pneumonia and the boogie woogie flu.

MESSAGE FROM THE COUNTRY - The Move - (Capitol ST 811) - Starting with *Looking On*, the Move's last album, (reviewed several issues ago) the group has been broadening their musical horizons by playing hard rock with other elements besides screeching guitars. Other instruments have been added, and the sound is a kind of futuristic hard rock. The Move is joined only by the Who in inventiveness among hard rock bands. Since that review, I've come to fully appreciate *Looking On*, and this new LP is a step further. Most of the songs are Roy Wood compositions, and there are some real gems, notably "The Words of Aaron", "Ella James", and "It Wasn't My Idea". Jeff Lynne has only one song, but it's a bitch, the title cut with some incredible harmonies at the end. It's the best song on the album. Drummer Bev Bevan (one of the best around) has two songs, "The Minister" a rough hard rocker, and a rather odd Elvis Presley takeoff, "Don't Mess Me Up." Wood has an inane but delightful spoof of country music on "Ben Crawley Steel Co." in which he sings in a flat Joh Wayne voice with some ridiculous lyrics and I don't know how he kept from laughing all the way through it. By the way, "Tonight", mentioned in the *Looking On* review, is not on *Message To The Country*, only on that single (Capitol P 3126). Too bad. It's amazing. Call up some progressive radio stations and ask them if they still have it. I'm sure that's not in many stores. I don't know why I ever doubted them; The Move know what they're doing.

THE LONDON HOWLIN' WOLF SESSIONS - (CHESS CH60008) - Three years ago, Chess Records tried to back blues greats Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf on separate albums with heavy white blues bands. The results were disastrous. Upon hearing the album, Wolf said, "Man, it's dogshit." Two years ago Chess came up with a more successful black-white blues work, the double LP *FATHERS AND SONS*, with top Chicago bluesmen like Muddy Waters teaming up with younger musicians like Mike Bloomfield. During the summer of 1970 producer Norman Dayron organized the London Howlin' Wolf sessions, and it's turned into one great blues album. The Wolf is the star here, but he's got himself some pretty nifty sidemen: Eric Clapton, Steve Winwood, Charlie Watts and Bill Wyman. And just for good measure, Klaus Voorman, John Simon, plus Chicago greats Phil Upchurch, Lafayette Leake, and Wolf's own guitarist Hubert Sumlin dropped by. There is an atmosphere of reverence, but the band really cooks, especially on Wolf tunes like "Rocking Daddy", "Worried About My Baby", and "Sittin' On Top Of The World." There are also five great Willie Dixon songs, including "Little Red Rooster" and "Wang-Dang Doodle." Clapton and Winwood are particularly great, sounding quite relaxed and comfortable. It would be nice to see Wolf and his new friends get together again; it would make a fine live show. Hopefully this record will turn some people on to some of Wolf's earlier work, and to other deserving blues artists.

DANDO SHAFT - (RCA NEON NE5) - This is Dando Shaft's second album, although their first since the addition of singer Polly Bolton. They are a British acoustic band, combining sounds of Pentangle, Fairport Convention, and The Strawbs. Their music is folk-based, but never dirge-like; it is for the most part very happy, joyous music. Dando is centered around multi-talented Martin Jenkins, who sings, and plays mandolin, fiddle and flute. In addition to Polly Bolton, there are two acoustic guitarists, Kev Dempsey and Dave Cooper, bassist Roger Bullen, and Ted Day, usually on congas. The songs are all gems. "Coming Home To Me" has some beautiful guitar and great singing by Jenkins and Bolton. There are some great happy catchy tunes, most notably "Pass it On" with Cooper on vocal. This cat definitely has a strange voice; slightly nasal and always over-pronouncing his R's. Strange, but yet it fits perfectly. Also in the catchy style is "Whispering Ned" and "Kalyope Driver" with a great jagged mandolin from Jenkins. "Waves Upon The Ether" is a beautiful song with a haunting vocal from Jenkins and Bolton. In these days of over-amplification, it's nice that an acoustic band has the chance to be heard.

BOOMERANG - (RCA LSP4577) - Another mid-60s Long Island band was the Pigeons, with Mark Stein. There's even an album of theirs floating around somewhere. Mark decided to join the Vanilla Fudge, one of those sick-a-delic 1968 bands. I always wrote the Fudge off as talented musicians wasting their time on a loud, boring, offensive sound. After VF split up in 1969, Carmine Appice and Tim Bogert formed Cactus, one of the worst bands you'll ever hear anywhere, and now Mark Stein is with Boomerang. Luckily, they sound nothing like Vanilla Fudge, and although they resemble Cactus, in that they are both into heavy rock, Boomerang is way better. Stein plays some fine rock organ and is a good singer, and they have a quite capable lead guitarist in 16-year old Richard Rameriz. The lyrics and music aren't particularly significant or original, but they're competent and fun. "Juke It" is a wild rocker with frantic wailing by Stein. The organ-dominated "Mockingbird" is also done nicely. But discussing the individual songs or lyrics on this album is really pointless. This album brings back memories of the legendary Black Pearl (a great high energy band which got overlooked in the 1969 over-abundance of groups.) Let's just say that if you like loud, hard, driving rock this is for you.

DOUBLE -BACK - Happy and Artie Traum - (CAPITOL ST -799) Happy and Artie have given us another beautiful album, every bit as rich and graceful as their first album released in late 1970. **DOUBLEBACK** contains some of the finest country music to be heard in quite a while. The Traums' music comes across as a quieter, more toned-down Band. Rick Danko wrote a song for them on the first LP, and although none of The Band plays on the album or had written anything, their influence is readily apparent. "Jacksboro" with its heavy Civil War imagery, and the painful "Scavengers" and "The Seagull" are most Band-like. Happy and Artie are first-rate songwriters, either writing together, as in "The Ferryman," or separately with Happy's "Brother Thomas" or Artie's "Cross Examiner." There are two non-originals, John Herald's "Mister Movie Man," a humorous song ("My sweet-talking, soft spoken/snow jobbing, name dropping movie man,") and Tony Brown's "Confession," an infectious ragtime tune. Happy and Artie have disowned the city and adopted the music and lifestyle of the country and mountains. The difference between the air of the country and of the city is the essence of their music. They have two fine albums; enjoy them both.

THE RETURN OF DOUG SALDANA - Sir Douglas Quintet - (PHILIPS PHS600-353) - After having to go through things like personnel changes and having your demo tapes released as albums, Doug Sahm has resurfaced with a fresh new album full of the good rocking characteristic of his early days with the Quintet. Even though he was primarily known as a singles artist, Doug made some fine albums. His last one was a bit of a disappointment, but things appear to be starlightened out. The title and the back cover seem to tell that well enough, but you know it for sure when that guitar comes ripping through on the opening cut, "Preach What You Live, Live What You Preach". It's beautifully rooted in the Sir Douglas style. "Me And My Destiny" has that familiar pumping organ of Augie Meyer and you know things are right where they should be. There are a couple of great, slower tunes, "She's Huggin' You, But She's Lookin' At Me" and "Keep Your Soul." T-Bone Walker's "Papa Ain't Salty" is given a Texas-style blues treatment. There's also a song about a train, "The Del Monte Special", in "The Railpak Dun Done In Del Monte". And Doug, who's quite fond of getting wired up, puts in a great performance on the semi-serious "Stoned Faces Don't Lie." The LP was recorded in Houston, and Doug invited some old friends from back home to play on the record and celebrate his return. Old Sir Doug fans should be pleased indeed; Doug is back home and never sounded better.

INDELIBLY STAMPED - Supertramp - (A&M SP4311) - If nothing else, the cover of this LP showing a woman's well-tattooed body should sell a lot of records. The great cover aside, there is also some fine music from this British group. Supertramp is five musicians who can play low-down hard rock, or ballads, or jazz, or just about anything they feel like. And whatever they do is done with a sense of humor. Their self-penned liner notes show that. They give a description of each song in a totally honest manner. My favorite is the description of "Potter": "A crude piece of British rock." And that it is. That and "Your Poppa Don't Mind" and "Remember" are the album's rockers. "Friend In Need" has some English pub piano tinkling away, but that is not what the band is made of. They can rock because it comes so easy being accomplished musicians, but apparently they know that you can't play what everyone else does all the time, no matter how well you do it; someday you and your audience are going to tire of it. "Arles" gives a good indication of what Supertramp can do, playing better jazz than most rock bands who try it. I think they'll be around for a long time.

22 SUPA'S JAMBOREE-SUPA - (PARAMOUNT PAS6009) - Supa is a tight, powerful, hard-rock band led by Richard Supa, who began as one of the founding members of the Long Island rock scene, which spawned the likes of the (Young) Rascals and The Vagrants with Leslie West. Richard's band during those years was The Rich Kids, and after that was a band called Man which made the Ed Sullivan show and had a minor hit single, "Sister Salvation" in the summer of 1969. My favorite songs on this album are the hard rockers, in particular "Zam Pam Poogee", one of the best songs I've heard in a while; Supa's frantic guitar piercing the whole song and a mean cowbell pounding away in the background. "Zam pam poogee in the morning/Zam pam poogee at night/You gotta get yourself a Zam pam poogee rag-a-mama, and you'll find that it's alright". There are also a couple of other diamond-hard rockers, "Stone County," and the infectious "Lil' Jessie." They can also play country, as in "For Those Overcome" and "Good Ol' Country Boo." The rocking tunes show where Supa is really at because a ballad like "Unwritten Words" doesn't really come off. Richard Supa seems to be one of those people who is just too talented to be held back. SUPA'S JAMBOREE is worthy of his talents.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF COUNTRY JOE AND THE FISH FROM HAIGHT-ASHBURY TO WOODSTOCK - Country Joe and the Fish (VANGUARD VSD27/28) - You'd probably expect a record of that title to be another "greatest hits" collection, sloppily thrown together for the sole purpose of making a buck, right? Wrong. This set is a well-put together collection of Fish Tunes spanning their entire career, with over half of the performances previously unrecorded. It begins with the original jugband version of "I Feel-Like-I'm-Fixing-To-Die Rag" recorded in 1965, followed by a version of "Bass Strings" from their legendary 1966 EP record. On all of the songs, incidentally, recording dates and personnel are listed. The previously recorded material relies heavily on the first two albums, which you could argue were the only real Fish LP's. **ELECTRIC MUSIC FOR THE MIND AND BODY** could possibly be the best rock LP ever made. It was never a secret that the Fish didn't get along too well, and things crumbled almost from the beginning. It's a wonder that a band carrying that name stayed together as long as they did. The late period of CJ/FISH is shown through live performances at the Fillmore East in November, 1969: "Superbird" (Trickydick), "Not So Sweet Martha Lorraine", and "Marijuana." The later is pretty funny, "Superbird" is an update and also funny but not too good either, and "Martha" is done well, but as all the live cuts here, it's nowhere near the original version. Recorded at the Fillmore West in January, 1969, the last gig with the old personnel, is "Rock and Soul Music", "Love", "Crystal Blues," and a vastly inferior "Masked Marauder", a skeleton of the original. Then at Woodstock, seven months later, we have a Barry Melton blues, "Love Machine," and the "Fish Cheer and I-Feel-Like...". Listening to the early cuts and then the final live things can make you sad over the fate of this band. Country Joe and The Fish had a busy, interesting, and depressing history. They died a prolonged death of at least two years before it was all over. This set captures the highs and lows of their existence and is well worth owning.

NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE - (COLUMBIA C 30888) - After as a show opener and country music outlet of the Grateful Dead, the New Riders have continually grown to the point where they are achieving their own identity as explorers of new areas in country music. Along with the Flying Burrito Brothers, NRPS represents a fresh, liberating force in country. The only member of the Dead on the album is Jerry Garcia, who plays some downright beautiful pedal steel guitar and banjo. He's been a banjo picker for a long time, but his pedal steel playing has really improved. The fantastic Commander Cody plays on two cuts, and former Dead drummer Mickey Hart plays on the same two songs. The rest of the personnel is John Dawson (Marmaduke) on lead vocals, Dave Nelson on guitar, Dave Torbert on Bass, and ex-Airplane drummer Spencer Dryden. The songs are all Dawson compositions. He's an exceptionally fine singer, and he appears to be a pretty strong songwriter, although at times his lyrics are somewhat obvious, as in "Portland Woman". But there are some real jewels, such as "Watcha Gonna Do", "Henry", (one of the funniest and best dope dealing songs), and a beautiful ballad, "Last Lonely Eagle", with Garcia excellent on pedal steel. Those songs, along with "I Don't Know You", "Garden of Eden", and "Dirty Business" are memorable tunes, whereas lesser bands (but not much) could have created songs like "Louisiana Lady" and "All I ever Wanted" which is not to say that they're not good songs. Country music, like blues, has been worked over so much it's a wonder that anyone can come up with some fresh sounds, and that's exactly what the New Riders have done. "Last Lonely Eagle" should be a classic; it shows just how much potential the band has. They've come a long way in a short time. Get the album, especially if you like country. And even if you don't like country, you just may after hearing the New Riders.

WHO'S NEXT-The Who-(Decca DL79182)-At last, after two years, we have a new album of new material from the Who, the best hard rock band around. While Peter Townshend is coming off Tommy and working on Bobby and God-knows-what -else, it's nice to get an album that doesn't have a concept, just great songs. On Who's Next we find Pete messing around with an A.R. P. synthesizer, used to great effect on "Baba O'Reiley" and "Won't Get Fooled Again", which is eight and a half minutes on the album compared to the edited single version. Super session man Nicky Hopkins is used on piano on two cuts, and Dave Arbuz of East of Eden plays violin on "Baba O'Reiley", on which Townshend plays piano.

The material is quite strong; all distinctive Who songs. We see Townshend coming out with strong personal statements on social matters, especially on "Won't Get Fooled Again", "Behind Blue Eyes" and "Baba O'Reiley", and a bit in "Going Mobile", which has some weak lines but is great fun nevertheless. "Getting In Tune" and "Bargain" are monstrous songs, among Townshend's best. "Love Ain't For Keeping" is short and to the point, "My Wife" is a rocker written and sung by bassist John Entwistle, and "Song Is Over" starts off sounding like something from the score of a 1950's Broadway musical, and then proceeds into some serious rocking. Keith Moon further proves that there is no drummer in rock nearly as good as he is, and Roger Daltrey is amazing as usual, especially with his great scream on "Won't Get Fooled Again". By the way, the cover is great, just what you'd expect from the Who. Who's Next reminds us that the Who are still way ahead of all other hard rock bands. I doubt if they'll ever catch up.

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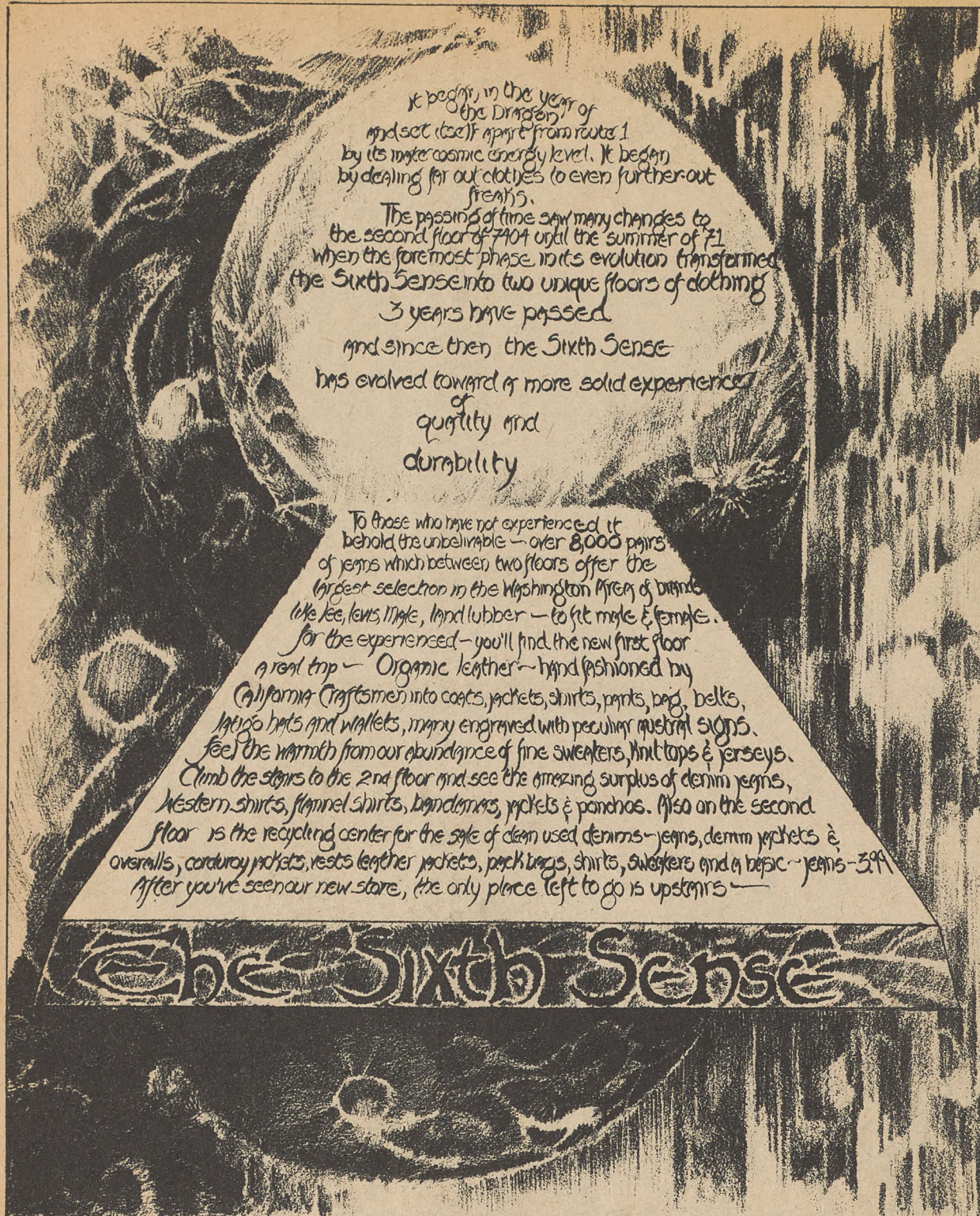
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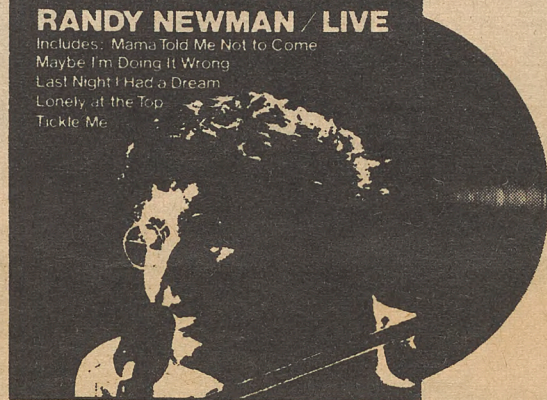
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